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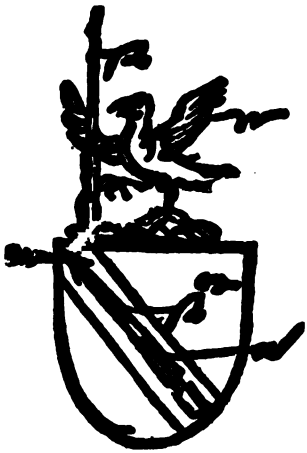
The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



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The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare

HAMLET AND THE UR-HAMLET

(The Text of the Second Quarto of 1604, with a conjectural Text of the alleged Kyd Hamlet preceding it)

With an Introduction

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

The purely objective student of the textus receptus of Shakespeare's HAMLET can desire little if anything more than Mr. Vining has presented in his prefatory matter to that play in the Bankside Shakespeare (Vol. XI.) Mr. Vining has presented there (1.) "The Saga of Amleth;" (2.) its first translation into French, "The Historye of Hamblett," (where, in a sort of phonetic habitude the aspirate is transposed from the end to the beginning of the hero's name) by Belleforest—and Mr. Vining adds (3.) Richard Grant White's succinct statement of the theory, which we have all up to this time been forced to adopt—namely, that the first Quarto was one of those "stolen and surreptitious" short-hand or memorized reports of the second Quarto version as it was pronounced by Shakespeare's actors from Shakespeare's stage (of which felony, under the pseudonym "John Heminge and Henry Condell," the Editors of the First Folio complain).

To complete the external sources, Mr. Vining has translated from the blackletter the curious old Plowden report of the leading case of Hales v Petit, of 1553, which Shakespeare in his fifth act travesties to carry the plot over into the situation required by the tremendous grave-yard scene—a scene such as no other dramatist ever attempted, and one that, in the workmanship of any other dramatist, would have been itself a travesty! And, when to all this Mr. Vining has added his own fine commentary on the other circumstantial items of material for the lines of the Play, there was and is little left for the present Editor to remark as to the tradgey as we have it to-day in our libraries and on our English stage.

The difficulties in the way of believing prima facie either that there was, or that there was not, an English play dealing with the Danish story of Hamlet prior to the appearance of the First Quarto of Shakespeare's Hamlet, would seem to be about equal. If there were, how could it so entirely have disappeared, when older contemporary productions reasonably survive? If there were not, how can we receive the phenomenon of great Shakespeare's greatest play—the greatest and splendidest of tragedies

—as a contemporary production with the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Comedy of Errors, and Titus Andronicus? Why does Meres record that Shakespeare—worthy, he notes, to be called the English Seneca—wrote these three, but make no mention of Hamlet, when Nash in the same year, speakes of a Hamlet written by an English Seneca who could be "read by candle-light"—a sort of euphuistic statement, meaning possibly that he was to be seen, not in a book, but on a stage in a house lighted with candles? and why do two other accredited authorities speak of a play called Hamlet, which had been played on a public stage prior to 1603? That is to say: Meres mentions a Shakespeare without a Hamlet, and Nash a Hamlet without a Shakespeare: although perhaps it was not quite as impossible then as now to separate master and masterpiece, or to pronounce the name of either without the other, when treating of English dramatic literature.

And again, upon examination of the literature concurrent with the stage career of the Play itself, we are startled by some very curious testimony. Lodge's Wits Miserie (1596-p. 56) contains this allusion: "And though this fiend be begotten of his father's own blood, yet is he different from his nature, and were he not sure that jealousie could not make him a cuckold, he had long since published him for a bastard; you shall know him by this, he is a foule lubber, his tongue tipt with lying, his heart steeled against charity; he walks for the most part in black under colour of gravity and looks as pale as the visard of the ghost which cried so miserably at the Theatre like an oister wife, Hamlet revenge." (Dekkar's Satiro—mastix, 1602) "*Asina.* Wod I were hang'd, if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca. *Tuc* No, fye'st, my name's Hamlet, revenge: Thou hast been at Parris Garden, hast not? *Hor.* Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there. (Westward Hoe, 1607,) "I but when light wives make heavy husbands, let these husbands play mad Hamlet, and crie 'revenge.'" (Dedication to Scoloker's Daiphantis, or The Passion of love, 1604) Like the never-too-well read Arcadia, where the prose and verse (matter and words) are like his mistresses' eyes, one still excelling another and without corrivall; or to come home to the vulgars element, like friendly Shake-speare's tragedies, where the commedian rides, when the tragedian stands on tiptoe: Faith it should please all, like prince Hamlet. But in sadness, then it were to be feared he would runne mad. In sooth I will not be moonesicke, to please; nor out of my wits though I displeased all." In the body of this same work are the following verses:

His breath he thinkes the smoke; his tongue a cole,
  Then calls for bottell ale to quench his thirst,
Runs to his Inke-pot, drinkes, then stops the hole,
  And thus growes madder than he was at first.
    Tasso he finds, by that of Hamlet, thinkes,
    Tearmes him a mad-man; than of his inkhorne drinks,
Calls players fooles, the foole he judgeth wisest,
  Will learne them action, out of Chaucer's Pander;
Proves of their poets hawdes even in the highest,
  Then drinkes a health, and swears it is no slander.
    Puts off his cloathes; his shirt he onely wears,
    Much like mad-Hamlet; thus as passion teares.

(Arnim's "A nest of Ninnies," 1608) "His father's Empire and Government was but as the Poetical Furie in a Stage-action, compleat, yet with horrid and wofull Tragedies: a first, but no second to any Hamlet; and that now Reuenge, iust Reuenge, was coming with his Sworde drawne against him, his royall Mother, and dearest Sister, to fill vp those Murdering Sceanes." (Sir Thomas Smithes Voiage and Entertainment in Rushia, 1605.) "Sometimes would he overtake him and lay hands uppon him like a catch-pole, as if he had arrested him, but furious Hamlet woulde presently eyther breake loose like a beare from the stake, or else so set his pawes on this dog that thus bayted him that, with tugging and tearing one anothers frockes off, they both looked like mad Tom of Bedlam." (Decker's Dead Terme, 1608.) "If any passenger come by and, wondring to see such a conjuring circle kept by hel-houndes, demaund what spirits they raise there, one of the murderers steps to him, poysons him with sweete wordes and shifts him off with this lye, that one of the women is falne in labour; but if any mad Hamlet, hearing this, smell villanie and rush in by violence to see what the tawny divels are doing, then they excuse the fact, lay the blame on those that are the actors, and perhaps, if they see no remedie, deliver them to an officer to be had to punichment." (Decker's Lanthorne and Candle-light or the Bell-man's second Nights-Walke, 1609.) "A chamberlaine is as nimble as Hamlet's ghost, heere and everywhere, and when he has many guests, stands most upon his pantofles, for hee's then a man of some calling." In Rowland's Night Raven, 1620, a scrivener, who has his cloak and hat stolen from him, exclaims: "I will not cry, 'Hamlet, revenge my greeves.' "

(Eastward Ho, 1605.) "Sfoote, Hamlet, are you madde? Whether run you nowe? You should brushe up my olde mistresse." And in Clarke's Paroemiologia Angelo Latina, or Proverbs in English and Latin, 1639, is the curious expression "a trout, Hamlet with four legs," (which might perhaps suggest "very like a whale.")

Herein surely are described some other Hamlet than the one we possess in the Second (or even the First) Quarto—in the First Folio, and in the thousands of editions following them even unto this day! For neither in the First nor the Second Quarto versions of the Play does Prince Hamlet run about crying "revenge" nor tear off other people's frocks, nor smell villainy, nor rush hither and yon to see what the tawny devils are doing, or anything of the like tumultuous performance. The student is, therefore, forced to assume some sort of an evolution of the Play which had considerably advanced when Shakespeare found it, and of which he used as little as possible in his own splendid Drama— how little I am sure the conjectural text here presented will suggest, even if the criticism upon this attempt to suggest it does not deserve— as this Editor is eager to confess that it does not—any attention at all as an imitation of the language in which Kyd (or whoever it was who might have written this Ur Hamlet, as German scholars have taught us to conveniently call the earliest Hamlet), would have clothed his lines; (though, even in the colloquial diction which is all that is here attempted, it compares passably with the diction of "The Famous Victories," apparently staged in about the required dates). The conventional story of the seduction by a Prince of the blood of one of his Queen-mother's maids of honour and of her madness on being discarded by her seducer, who heartlessly tells her to become the inmate of a bagnio—the slang name for which was "a nunnery"—is apparently all the concession to a "contemporaneous human interest" that the English playwright made to lighten the main action of a Prince feigning insanity to avenge the murder of a King, his father, by his brother; who by marrying the widow of the murdered King becomes King consort and intrigues to be accepted, and finally is accepted as King de facto and de jure—"popped in between th' election and my hopes"—that is, except a localism or two to be noted later.

Thirty years ago, in my "Shakespearean Myth," I suggested that a good many problems in Shakespeare study might clarify if we came to understand that Shakespeare, as we possess him to-day, was not the same

as played in those Elizabethan and Jacobean theatres, so awfully described by Northcote, Stubbes and all the other stage historians; that the two hours traffic of our stage alone would have practically precluded even the most rapid reading of any of the great plays, even with omission of the hundreds of lines discarded in the Second Quarto; notably the play we are now considering. I then suggested that it was the ACTION only of these dramatic pieces that was then and there preformed. Why, I then asked (First Edition, page 272), should a thrifty manager have ransacked Greek and Latin and Italian literature, the Romantics and the Sagas, or the cloisters of England, or the black letter law reports of sixty years before for travesty of the forgotten case of Hales v. Petitt, to elaborate by excursus after excursus lines to present to audiences that wanted only dumb-show and noise and the tumbles of a clown for their ha'pennies? And if I stated then, I wish to restate it now with the added emphasis of thirty years—that I not only do not believe myself—but do not believe that any entirely sane person actually believes, that boy actors spouted the lines now assigned to Ophelia, Juliet, Portia, Imogen, or to any of those great women parts, as we have them in our libraries and on our stage to-day! I am willing to believe that English boys of three hundred years ago were immensely the intellectual superiors of our twentieth century youth—but even then I do not believe it. The object, therefore, of the present Edition is to somehow account for what dumb show and noise or passion torn to tatters came under the name of "Hamlet" upon the London stage, say at Paris Gardens alternately, or perhaps simultaneously with the bear baitings at those elegant establishments. Has a single commentator in all these centuries told us how the Shakespeare plays, as read in the First Folio, could have been staged at all and escape the Lord Chamberlin and the Censors of a Queen, who, on her accession to the throne commanded that no plays should be performed "in which matters of religion or of the State" were "handled or treated" and who allowed no relaxation of that policy to the end of her reign? Thomas Kyd being a son of a scrivener HAD been born, so to speak, "to the trade of Noverint" (i. e. the engrossing of conveyances begining Nosce omnes homines cum sui praesentes) and had "left that trade" to be a playwright. His "Spanish Tragedy, or the Pitiful Death of old Hieronimo" had an inner play, whose action was the pantomine of a murder in a garden preformed to assist in ferreting out the murderer suspected to be amongst the spectators. But to most

criticism, the use of the inner play in one Stage piece would preclude its identical use in another by the same playmaker. But then how about Nashe's "whole Hamlets"? Guessing is simplicity itself. Why not a guess that the similar use of the inner play in Hamlet suggested Shakespeare; and that the pun on "Hamlet" and "handfuls" a covert, transparent apology for alluding to so important a man as Shakespeare?

The solitary morsel of evidence upon which all this hypothesis hangs is the single entry in Henslowe's Diary as edited by Collier (and most unfortunately the name of the Editor diminishes its authority) to wit:

9 of June 1594 Rd at hamlet.....viij s

this entry being in a column headed "In the name of God Amen beginninge at Newington my Lord Admiralle and my Lorde Chamberlen men as followeth 1594."

And if, in this Edition, we are enabled to speculate and to arrive at a concept of what this primitive or Ur-Hamlet actually was, by way of a considerably earlier Germany than the Germany whose scholars have sent us so much splendid commentary upon Shakespeare's Masterpiece, it will be yet one more obligation of English speaking students of Hamlet to German sources.

We find that it was the custom of London players, during the summer months or when at any other times the theatres were closed for sanitary reasons or by the authorities under Puritan influence, to proceed to the Low countries which was the easiest way to reach the Continent. Then the route they actually took was to embark at Hull and to sail to the Danish port Elsinore, the Helsignor of to-day. This voyage would consume one week. The Company would then get permission from the athorities that were, to give performances to pay their passage money and then would proceed to such places as they desired to visit on foot or horseback and then by land they would pass into Germany, and so on, until their vacations ended and, the London theatres open again, they would retrace their steps. Thus is accounted sufficiently the mention of Elsinore in Hamlet. Here at Elsinore is a famous castle named Kronborg, a fortress built in 1552 to command the Kattegat. When, as it was often, occupied by the Danish Court in summer, the adjoining town of Elsinore was naturally the nearest and an altogether ideal place for these English actors to set up their stage. There was recently discovered in the

Royal Archives at Copenhagen, the "Monnetz Besoldung ug Kostspendinge," (monthly payroll and board account) of the town of Elsinore for January 22nd, 1585, to January 22nd, 1587. In this is an entry in the year 1585 of a disbursement of four skilling to repair a board fence between the premises of Lauritz, the town clerk and the yard of the Town Hall,"which the people broke down at the time the English played in the Yard." And again, in 1586, is an entry of which Mr. Jacob A Riis sends me this translation:

XXXVI daler Wilhemj Kempe, instrumentalist, got two month's board for himself and a boy named Daniel Jones. He had earned pay from June 17th, when he took service. In addition, a month's pay was given him as a parting gift. In all three months at twelve daler (dollars) a month.

Thomas Stephens
George Bryan
Thomas King
Thomas Pope
Robert Percy

These five instrumentalists and mummers entered the service on June 17th and from that time to the end of this, the eighth month—which is the 18th of September, making three months and three months at six daler each per month, the amount of 8 1-2 dalers 3 skilling each; together 92 daler 15 skilling for which Thomas Stephens has given his receipt."

Wilhemj Kempe is William Kempe. George Bryan and Thomas Pope are named in the First Folio in the "List of the Names of the Principal Actors in all these Plays." So the question why Hamlet-Amleth, who was of Jutland, was removed to Elsinore, seems answered; and these actors seem to have pretty accurately described the fortress of Kronborg to Shakespeare (who never seems to have travelled abroad with his company), for views given in a series of twelve photographs of that castle, reproduced in New Shakespeareana (Vol. III, page 89), appear to correspond with astonishing accuracy to scenes in Shakespeare's Play. That Shakespeare never went to the Continent on these professional tours so far appears probable. Mr. Alexander Cargill of Edinburgh sends to New Shakespeareana (Vol.V. page 25) a valuable communication reciting extracts from the town records of Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Perth, recording visits of English actors and others connected with theatrical matters, some of whom were presented with the Freedom of those towns. But nowhere can the name of William Shakespeare be found. Further records may at any time be discovered, since the triumphs of Professor Charles W. Wallace and Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte,

within a single year, in unearthing Shakespeare entries, warn us not to regard anything as impossible. But so far as the researches of these, and the like, fastidious scholars have gone, William Shakespeare himself spent his vacations in England, though, like Hamlet, himself, he may have enquired of his players, How comes it that you travel?

When, therefore, we trace in the Play before us all this Danish reference and Danish chronicle, some light does darkly break upon some of the methods by which Shakespeare's plays contained their versimilitude to such manifold detail and of contemporary Europe. Let us pause here to note some further Danish material in Hamlet.

Saxo places the scene of his Saga of Amleth in Jutland: Belleforest, translating it into his Hystorie of Hamblett, says that the Danes "all with one consent proclaimed Hamblett king of Jutie and Chersonnesse, at this present the proper country of Denmarke." But the local color portrayed by his actors induced Shakespeare, it seems, to select Elsinore. For to Shakespeare's idea of vraissemblance, Prince Hamlet must be at a Danish Court, and there was no Danish Court in Jutland. No detail escapes him. Even the selection of Wittemberg for Hamlet's university tuition, is exact. Wittemberg was a Lutheran univeristy and the Danish Court was Lutheran. Even the "custom more honored in the breach than in the observance" can be accounted for. In a notebook kept by "Master William Segar, Garter King at Arms," who journeyed to Denmark in 1603 (the date of the First Quarto), is the entry of June 14th: "This afternoon the King (of Denmark) went aboard the English ship which was lying off Elsinore, and had a blanket prepared for him upon the upper decks which were hung with awning of cloathes of Tissue, every health reported sixe, eight or ten ordinance, so that during the King's abode the ship discharged 160 shot. . . . . It were superfluous to tell you of all the superfluities that were vsed, and it would make a man sick to heare of the drunken healths. Vse has brought it into fashion, and fashion made it a habit which ill beseems out nation to imitate." And similarly, Rosecranz (Rosencraft in the First Quarto) and Gildensterne (Gilderstone (Id) and otherwise in further quartos, Guyldensterne is the Danish Gyldenstierne—just as in lax transcription—which is of small assistance, or hindrance either in tracing our sources—Geruthe of the Saga becomes Gertrude in the first, and Gertrad in the second, Quarto. Mr. Stevens, in his edition of 1793—was the first we found to have suggested that Rosencrantz was a real personage. He calls him "an ambassador." But

it seems that both Rosencranz and the Guildensterne were actual persons living at the date to which we must now hark back the story of Hamlet, as portrayed in the Ur-Hamlet, at least.

On page 191 of Shakespeareana Volume VIII (—at that date under editorial conduct of The New York Shakespeare Society, there was quoted a communication from the late Dr. Leo, President of the German Shakespeare Gesellschaft announcing to that Society his discovery, in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, of a memoranda kept in the year 1577, by the Duke Frederich I of Wittemberg of the names of persons he met on his travels in the North in that year. One of the entries was this:

1577 In utraque fortuna ipsius fortuna esto memor Jorgen Rosencrantz.

1577 Feredum et sperandum P Guildenstern.

Haufniae [Copenhagen] sthen Builde tull Wandass.

Dr. Lee also records that a correspondent, Dr. Balti, writes him that the Guildensternes of Denmark became extinct in Denmark in 1729 until which date they had flourished there since the year 1300, and that he had seen a copy of a funeral sermon preached, prior to the year 1600, over the remains of "Rosencrantz and Guildensterne," two courtiers or attendants at the Danish throne. To this discovery of Dr. Leo's must now be added Mr. Percy Simpson's discovery of a volume entitled " Tychonis Brahe Daniepistolarvm Astronomicarvm libri Quorvm Primus his illvstris lavdatis Principis Gvlielmi Hassiae Landtgravii ac ipsius Mathematici Literas vnaq Responsa ad singulas complectiur. Noribergæ Apud Levinum Hulsium, Cum Cæsaris et Regvm Qvovndam privilegiis. Anno M DCI.' On the verso of the title page of this book is a half-length portrait of Tycho Brahe bordered by a panel containing the coat of Arms of sixteen noblemen with the names of the owner of the shields under each. Under the coats of one of these shield escutcheons is the name "Rosencrans," and under another of them the name "Gvldestere" omitting the N. This work bears the imprint, 1601. And in another volume "Astronomiae Instauratiae Mechanica, Noribergae apud Levinvm Hvlsivm 1602," also by Tycho Brahe, this same portrait is again used as a frontispiece. The juxtaposition of these two names, the dates of the two publications—the latter the year before the date of the first quarto Hamlet, and the fact that the works of the great astronomer were of international interest and importance, may well justify us in including one or the other of these books in the list of those with which so omniverous a reader as Shake-

speare might not improbably have been more or less familiar. The design was, it seems, re-engraved for Peter Gassend's "Tychonis Brahei Vita (Paris 1654) and in this engraving the spelling adopted is Gvuldensteren. In announcing this interesting discovery in "The Athenaeum" Mr. Simpson continues: "It appears that this Guildensterne was commissioned to procure some elks ("Elendsthier," "Alce cicurata," in the German and Latin texts) for the Landgrave of Hesse. Brahe writes to the Landgrave on September 26th, 1591, that he cannot procure any in Denmark, gut "hab ich hinauff in Norwegen an Koniglicher Maiestat allda stadhalter | den Edlen vnd Wolgebornen Exel Guldenstern | welcher mein gar nahe Verwandter vnd sehr guter Freud ist| fleissig geschrieben vnd angelangt | dass er mir auffs wenigst ein par derselbigen Thier | die da jung weren | mit erster gelegenheit herab shicken wolte | dan dero in seinem Lehen vnd Gebiete etliche verhanden seyndt" (p. 214). The animals were sent, but they died and the Landgrave wrote for more in 1592. Brahe replied on September 20th that he had just received letters "Consanguinei mei Nobilissimi viri Axilli Gvldenstern Regij n Norugeia Vicarij," complaining of difficulties in executing the commission: Guildenstern had got the elks, but could not find a trustworthy captain to ship them over. Finally two were sent, procured, says Brahe (p. 306), by "meinem Bultsverwanter Axel Gvldensterne." Rosencrantz is mentioned once in the letters, as associated with John Dee, the English astrologer. Christopher Rothmann, Court Astronomer to the Landgrave, writes to Brahe on August 22nd, 1589:—"Literas illas, quas ad Geellium Sasceriden schipseras, nuper tradidi Praceptori Nobiliss. Rosencrantzii, ui me et ex te et ex Nobiliss. D Ioanne. Dee., amico meo singulari, perquam humaniter salutabat" (p. 153.) Holger Rosencrantz was born on December 14th, 1574, and died on October 28, 1642; he was connected by marriage with Brahe, and he prefixed a copy of laudatory Latin verse to the 'Mechanica' when it was first published in 1597. His correspondence with Brahe from 1596 to 1601 has been edited by F. R. Friis (Copenhagen, Trulsen, 1896). A brief life of him is given in Tycho de Hofman's 'Portraits Historques des Hommes Illustres de Dannemark,' part iv. pp. 9-10 (Copenhagen, 1746), and the interesting statement is made that he accompanied the Danish ambassador Christian Friis de Borreby on his official visit to England to be present at the coronation of James I. It is perhaps worth adding that a "Magnus Gildenstern" came to England in the train of Christian IV. in 1606 (Nichol's 'Progresses of James I.,' i. 606). After

the accession of James, with the close ties then connecting the Courts of England and Denmark, any license in the use of contemporary Danish names would be inconceivable, especially when a member of a distinguished family had paid an official visit to this country. But under Elizabeth the relations were not so intimate, and personal names would be known more vaguely: a literary source such as the 'Epistolæ,' the work of a distinguished Dane, would be precisely the one on which a playwright might be expected to draw. Moreover, the stage history of 'Hamlet' fits in with the date 1601 admirably, and even indicates a conceivable channel by which the names reached Shakespeare. The First Quarto of 'Hamlet' stated on the title-page that the play had been performed in "the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where." Mr. Fleay, commenting on this indication that the company had travelled, has pointed out that the only year in which they are known to have been absent from London is 1601, and that this must be the date of Shakespeare's work upon the quarto. The company visited Scotland in that year. Did Shakespeare go with them? Did they perform at the Court of King James? When James was in Denmark in 1590, he visited Tycho Brahe at Uranienburg; Brahe mentions his recognizing the likeness of Buchanan on a globe in the Museum ('Epistolæ Astronomicæ,' p. 238). James would be a likely person to receive a presentation copy, or at least to hear of the book and procure it for himself."

But, apart from all conjecture, it is very important to note that Mr. Simpson's discovery agrees with other evidence in determining a date for the original composition of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

So the body of Shakespearean history is daily augmenting; and the statement of fifty years ago that we know next to nothing of him—is already impossible!

And that these English actors passed from Holland over into Germany there is also plenty of testimony. There is a letter dated 1586, now in Dulwich College, written by an actor named Jones to Edward Alleyn, in which pleading great poverty, he solicits aid to "go over the seas with Mr. Brown and his company." And a German passport exists which shows that in 1591 this Jones played with Brown's company in Germany, Holland and Friesland, "tragedies, comedies, and histories." Richard Jones was one of the Earl of Worcester's players in 1586, when Alleyn was a member of that company, and these players may, too, have passed into Germany, per-

haps seen the plays of Hans Sachs and Ayrer, for the last named's play of Sidea and Engelbrecht and the former's play of King Lear strongly support the conjecture, their plot, characters, and general treatment closely resembling those of Shakespeare's Tempest and King Lear. In 1586 there were preforming before the Saxon Court five English players who had previously been playing in Denmark. They performed, in English, and appeared both in Dresden and Berlin. "At the entertainment of the Cardinal Alphonsus and the Infant of Spaine in the Low-countryes, they were presented at Antwerp with sundry pageants and plays—the King of Denmarke, father to him that now reigneth, entertained in his service a company of English commedians commended unto him by the honourable the Earle of Leicester—the Duke of Brunswicke, and the Landgrave of Hesson retaine in their courts certaine of ours of the same quailty." Heywood, "Apologie for Actors, 1612" (Ed. Shakespeare Society—p. 40). Frederick II, who died in 1588. Five of these actors left King Frederick's court in 1586, and entered the service of the Elector of Saxony. Of these five, two: Thomas Pope and George Bryan, just mentioned as having been in Elsinore, returned to England and joined Shakespeare's company, as appears by the list of "The names of the Principall Actors in All These Plays" prefixed to the First Folio.

The plays they presented were delivered in English—the Merchant of Venice, for example, was so presented at Halle in 1611, during Shakespeare's lifetime, and in 1626, we have records of similar performances of Romeo and Julietta, Julio Caesare, Lear, King in England, and Hamlet a Prizen Dennemarck. The late Albert Cohn, in his "Shakespeare in Germany," who is the unimpeachable authority for these statements, adds that in Rochell's "Chronicle of the City of Munster" it is stated that on November 26th, 1599, "eleven Englishmen, all young and lovely fellows, except one, a rather elderly man, who managed everything . . acted for five successive days in the Town Hall, five different comedies in their English language.

" . . . They had with them various instruments on which they played, such as lutes, zithers, fiddles, pipes and the like—they danced many new and strange dances, not common here in this country at the beginning and end of their comedies. They had with them a clown who before each act, when they had to change their costume, spoke much nonsense in German, and played many pranks to make the people laugh.

They were licensed by the Town Council for six days only, after which they had to leave. During these six days, they got a great deal of money from those who wished to see them, and hear them. For every one had to give them a shilling at their departure."

All this is important. But it would not help us materially in our search for our missing Ur-Hamlet were it not that Mr. Cohn's "Shakespeare in Germany" (Berlin: Asher & Co., 1865), gave also English translations of several German plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the action of which was that of certain of the Plays known as Shakespeare's, and the lines of which emphasized a certainty that such action was accompanied by lines of identical tenor with the text of Shakespeare himself. Among these plays was one entitled DER BESTRAFTE BRUDERMORD ODER HAMLET IENS DENMARK. It is dressed with a Prologue between Night, a goddess, and her attendants, whom she summons to spread her dark mantle over deeds of shame to be performed by mortals, and one of these deeds of shame is exactly the murder of a Danish King "Hamlet" and the subsequent action is the story of the Hamlet of the Historye of Hamblett and of the First Quarto of Shakespeare's Hamlet! This Prologue, added in Germany and of a statelier diction than the play itself, need not detain us here at all. The conclusion, it seems to this Editor, is, since this play was performed by English actors in Germany earlier than the appearance in England of the First Quarto; and since its text calls for a Prince Hamlet, who shall deport himself quite as the citations from Lodge and others above given require, that here at last we find a vestige of the very Ur-Hamlet we are searching for; and that, if we retranslate this BRUDFRMORD back into English we will arrive at a very fair conception indeed of what that required Ur-Hamlet was like. Perhaps, indeed, it may compel us either to reject Mr. White's theory that the First Quarto Shakespeare Hamlet was a stolen version of the Second Quarto version, or else to accept that First Quarto as being an abitrary rendition following this very Ur-Hamlet, renaming sundry characters and not preceding the First Quarto at all (which would be so very violent a theory and run itself amuck against so many incidental items of evidence, that it must be rejected.) Did I not hesitate to add even one more to the already bewildering mass of Hamlet conjectures, I might guess that that surreptitious stenographer took down only as much of the lines as his ear could seize upon, and supplied all the rest at his leisure—getting for example,

the name of Corambis from his memory of the Ur-Hamlet. For, Corambis is the name of the Prime Minister in the First Quarto; it is Corambis in the BRUDERMORD but if the First Quarto was a stenographic report of the second it would naturally have been Polonius as the name is in the Second Quarto. Dr. Isaac Hull Platt (New Shakespeareana III, 83), has interested himself to find a reason for this change—as startling as the reason for changing Old Castle to Falstaff. Says Dr. Platt:

"It has often been suggested that in the character of Polonius Lord Burghley is satirised. Polonius's precepts to Laertes are a paraphrase of Burghley's precepts to his son Robert when the latter was about to set out on his travels. This was noted by French in Shakespeareana Genealogica, quoted in Dr. Furness's Variorum Hamlet, Vol. II. p. 239. But why did Hamlet call him a "fishmonger?" The name Polonius may very well be derived from πωλέο to go about, to busy one's self, or from πολεω to sell, to hawk, trade, and this might account for the latter part of the word, but why a "fishmonger"? If Polonius was meant by Shakespeare as a lampoon on Burghley the answer is rather clear. "To make up for the loss to the shipping which the downfall of Catholicism had caused by diminishing the demand for fish, he (Burghley) obtained the passing of a curious law which made the eating of flesh on Friday and Saturday, and on Wednesday unless fish dishes were also placed on the table, a misdemeanor." (Encycl. Brit. Art. Cecil.) When the law was new and fresh in the minds of the people the topical allusion could hardly fail to appear very pointed and amusing to every one but the Lord Treasurer. In the early version of the play Polonius was called Corambis. Why was the change made? Webster's Dictionary says that Cecil is from the Latin meaning dim-sighted. Corambis might be derived from coram, face to face, from cora, the pupil of the eye, and bis, double, so Corambis would be equivalent to "Mr. Seeing Double." Perhaps a better derivation would be from coramble, which seems sometimes to have assumed the form corymbe, gen. corymbis, the name of an herb supposed to cause dimness of vision. In either case it would seem like a play on Burghley's family name. This being so, it would seem likely that after Burghley's death in 1598, somebody deemed it best to change the name to prevent the satire appearing to obvious. Again: It is well known that Burghley was not above using spies, of whom he employed many; it would be interesting to ascertain whether some servant or agent of his

was named Hill or Mount or something similar. This would account for Reynaldo, Polonius's servant, whom he sets as a spy on Laertes, being called Montano in the early version. I note, however, that Judge Holmes (Authorship of Shakespeare. Revised Edition II. 626) says that Cicero, once when railing at the indolence and so on of the Roman Senators, calls them "fishmongers!"

As the nearest to what Ur-Hamlet was (and I really cannot see any reason for calling it Kyd's, save the above noted resemblance of the plot to the plot of one of Kyd's plays, which to me seems rather a reason were one needed, against his authorship), we here, therefore, antiphonate a retranslation of DER BRUDERMORD over against the text of the Second Quarto Hamlet, and timidly offer the result to Shakespearean Higher Criticism.

I may permit myself to add, perhaps, to Mr. Vining's Bankside Hamlet, a few items wherein our Ur-Hamlet (to which Mr. Vining gives equivalent attention) possessed a technical merit even perferable to the Shakespeare Hamlet itself. To wit:

In our Hamlet we have this explanation of Hamlet's status at the Danish Court—a much better one than the Prince's statement to Rosencranz and Guildensterne that he "lacked advancement."

"Alas, Horatio! I know not how it is that since my father's death I am always so sick at heart; while my royal mother has already forgotten him, and the King still sooner; for while I was in Germany he had himself crowned with all haste in Denmark. But to assume some sort of show of title he has made over to me the Crown of Norway, and appealed to the will of the States." Neither by English nor Danish law was the marriage of Claudius with Queen Gertrude "incestuous" as Prince Hamlet was fond of calling it. But if the new King could persuade the people to declare his succession, not as King jure uxoris, but as King in his own right, then Prince Hamlet would indeed be ousted in case of a son being born to Claudius by the Queen Gertrude. The usurpation during Hamlet's stay at Wittemberg consisted in the fact that, on the death of the elder Hamlet, his son, (the Prince Hamlet of the Play,) would have become King. In other words, the Ur-Hamlet raises almost the very question, which Bacon in his History of Henry the Seventh states as being debated at the accession of that first Tudor monarch after his hasty crowning on Bosworth Field: "But the King . . . resolved to rest upon the title of Lanaster as the main, and to use the other

two, that of marriage, and that of battle, but as supporters, the one to appease secret discontents, and the other to beat down murmur and dispute," etc.

Again, the Ur-Hamlet assists to the item always most lacking in these matters—a date! And it does in this instance as usual by a localism. In the Bankside Introduction to The Merry Wives of Windsor I pointed out how (although the majority of commentators treated the First Quarto of The Merry Wives precisely as they did the First Quarto of Hamlet—namely, as a surreptitious and stolen report of a better version) an actual examination of the better version showed that the accretions were largely allusions to our accounts of things which happened after the date of the First Quarto—running along at intervals of one, two and three years, and even at longer ones, until many of them were of no importance, and had entirely lost their significance by lapse of time—and which, therefore, could not have been inserted at once; that is to say, that the play grew in the mouths of the actors by precisely what we to-day call "localisms" and "gags." And here, too, it seems to me, is a curious proof that these English actors in Germany in playing Hamlet, used a certain "gag" or hit at a matter of London talk in or about 1589. It had passed its interest, (and that not a comic one,) and so was also discontinued in the Shakespeare Quartos. But it seems to have been interpolated into the Ur-Hamlet of London. And being accustomed to it, the English actor seems to have used it. The German transcriber took it down, just as it was, as if it were a part of the play, (an allusion to Portugal in Denmark was quite as natural as an allusion to England). But it stamps, to my thinking, not only the English origin of the Brudermord "Fraricide Punished; or, Prinz Hamlet of Dennemarck," but proves that the custom of "gagging" or "localizing" a play, from time to time, was a custom of Shakespeare's day quite as constantly as in our own. This is the incident: In Fratricide Punished, Act III, scene X., occurs the dialogue:

King.—We have resolved to send you to England . . .

Hamlet.—Ay, Ay, King send me off to Portugal, so that I may never come back again. That's the better plan.

The interpolation was evidently an allusion to what at about that time was a matter of public indignation, viz: Essex's disastrous expedition to Portugal in 1589, in which, out of the eleven hundred officers and twenty-

one hundred common soldiers who started with him, three hundred and fifty officers and eleven hundred soldiers never lived to come back. The localism certainly had no meaning in Germany and had nothing to do with the play in Germany. But it helps us to a date for the Ur-Hamlet, which, when ascertained, corroborates the one called for by the quotations presented above.

Again our Ur-Hamlet italicises, once more, the ever present realization of how little Shakespeare took and how much he added to what we all still call "the sources of the Plays." All the philosophy, the reasoning, the intercommuning upon life and death; all that we think of as connected with Hamlet for example among characters in fiction are unsuggested until now. To lighten the lurid story by the travesty of the even then forgotten dialectics of the counsel in Hales v. Petit, where Lady Hales bases her hopes of defeating an escheat upon a casuistic differences between the act of a man throwing himself into a water-course (an act which was not a felony) and the water in said water-course drowning the man (who nor his representatives could be held responsible for what that water did) giving the Court opportunity to enunciate that principle of Relation which has ever since enriched the common law! All this enrichment of plot and circumstance was Shakespeare's own! I leave it to the dramaturgists to expatiate upon what seems to me the most intensely dramatic contretemps in all Histrionics. Namely: the first appearance of the Ghost. A lay figure, Bernardo, is asked to narrate in detail its appearance, and he begins a circumstantial monologue, which promises to be a tedious interruption of the tense situation: "Last night of all when that same star that's westward from the pole," etc. But the narration is broken off and obviated by the appearance a l'instant of the Ghost himself! An obvious betterment from the Ghost's first entry in the Ur-Hamlet, where he hits the sentinel a box on his ears from behind!

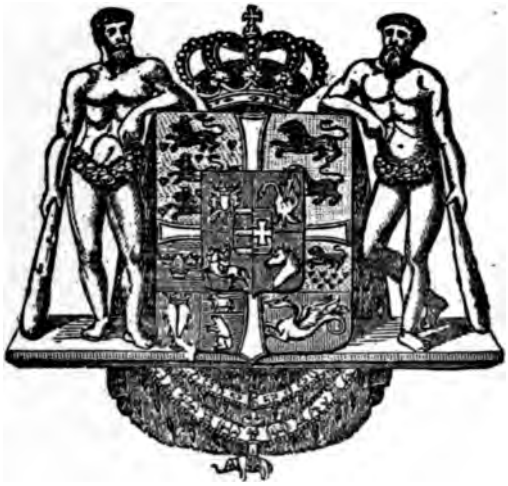
All the Prince Hamlets, the Saxo, the Belleforest, and the Ur-Hamlet, simulate madness. But Shakespeare, as if foreseeing that in modern days a cloud of commentators would arise to speculate as to whether Shakespeare's Hamlet alone was really mad, gives in the Prince's own lines, unmistakable evidence of his princely sanity, not only making him warn his attendants that he might see fit to put an antic disposition on, but joking with them as to his own state of compos mentis. He is only mad north-north-west, etc. And if there ever were an item in the play to

suggest lunacy it would seem to fade before the Prince's merry inquiry of Horatio whether his success with the inner-play would not justify his acquiring a share in the Company of Players and wearing a forest of feathers! breaking out with a taste of his quality for impromptu:

> "For thou dost know, O Damon dear
> This realm dismantled was
> Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
> A very very—CLAUDIUS!

for Horatio says: "You might have rhymed," and surely CLAUDIUS is a better and more proper rhyme than Pajock! And if anyone is permitted to suggest a new reading in Shakespeare I respectfully, with submission to the Court, suggest this one.

Again; in the Ur-Hamlet the Prince gets rid of the attendants who answer Rosencrantz and Guildensterne by offering to allow them two chances of putting himself to death by firing at him from opposite sides, he himself giving the word. They fire. He stoops and each shoots the other dead. Shakespeare does it more deftly, for Rosencrantz and Guildensterne might



not have so readily been captured by a transparent ruse. He had his father's signet in his purse, which was the model of the Danish seal. And the

Danish Consul at New York City enables me to add this one more evidence of Shakespeare's constant accuracy, even in the most minute matters of fact. It appears that from the date of King Waldemar, surnamed "The Victor," until very recent years, no special Danish coat of arms existed; each King using his own personal coat of arms, which thereby became the official coat of arms during the King's reign. How this has been modified into the present national Danish coat of arms our second cut displays. But as King Claudius was jure uxoris, the use of Prince Hamlet's father's signet was sufficient warrant for the English King to do execution upon the unfortunate courtiers. And I think nobody will deny that a "Union" dropped in Rhenish was a more fitting Queenly carouse to Prince Hamlet's fortune with the foils than "an Eastern diamond powdered fine and dissolved in a cup of warm beer" which the Ur-Hamlet calls for!

Thus loving and faithful students of the text are daily adding items of corroboration to and verification of Shakespeare detail. Signally has Judge Phelps unearthed the origin of the name Falstaff and Mr. Henry Pemberton, Jr., of Philadelphia, been successful in identifying John Haywood as Yorick (New Shakespeareana, Vol. V., page 82), and Biron as Lamond—"The Gentleman of Normandy who was the Brooch and Gem of all the Nation." (Id. VI, 63) and by a remarkable casting of computation has demonstrated that the "stars with trains of fire and dews of blood" and "the moist star sick almost to doomsday with eclipse" were references to ascertainable and certain phenomena, to wit: meteoric showers of the required dates. (Id. VII, 1.) Sir Edward Sullivan, too, was fortunate enough to purchase at a London book auction a black-letter quarto of "The Civile Conversation of M. Steeven Gazzio, written first in Italian and now translated out of French by George Pettie, etc. Imprinted at London by Richard Watkins 1581. In this work are such startling paraphrases of speeches in Hamlet, Macbeth—measure for measure, and Loves Labours Lost as, were dates acquiescent, could only mean that Gazzio had copied Shakespeare. (These parallelisms are given in extenso in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA III, p. 74)—and Professor E. A. Sonhennschein has discovered in Seneca's De Clementia (Id. IV, 131,) the exact sentiments as to mercy, that Portia pronounces expressed in the exact syntax which Portia uses. Discoveries like these are certainly more valuable than that eternal rearrangement of stereotype details bequeathed to us by Rowe and Malone, which passes among too many of us for "ripe Shakespearean scholarship," (though

German Universities, I am assured, do not forbid their professors to keep abreast of any proffered or possible channels of either internal or external Shakespeare exploration).

I am fully aware of two objections to the present volume. First, that the conjectural text of the Ur-Hamlet given here, is not in sixteenth century diction at all. But to have counterfeited such sixteenth century phrasing, had I been equal to it—would by its flavor of tour de force have defeated the impression I seek to emphasize—namely, that only the action of the Play could have been presented on London boards, say at Paris Gardens, where Dekkar records having seen it, or at Newington Butts, where, (as we learn from the invaluable Henslowe's Diary which I hope will prove not to have been tampered with), a play called "Hamlet" was acted by "My Lord Admirall and my Ld. Chamberlain's men. June 1594." For my purpose the running version of DER BESTRAFTE BRUDERMORD seems to answer well enough. The second objection is, of course, that this volume has no warrant to place in The Bankside Restoration Series at all. This is true, and most palpably true. I can only plead the convenience of The New York Shakespeare Society, which after promising for so many years a FOUR TEXT Hamlet, has been obliged to present the four texts in two volumes instead of in one: the texts of the First Quarto and the First Folio being now paralleled in Volume XI of The Bankside Shakespeare and those of the Ur-Hamlet and of the Second Folio herein. As it is expected that each respective set of The Bankside Shakespeare and The Bankside Restoration Series will ultimately be reduced to a single possession, the inconsistency may not always be so apparent; and my own workmanship in this parallelization may be pardoned me.

Had we been able to present in this volume a parallelization of the Second Quarto with the First Folio, evidences of what seem to have been a later revision for stage-purposes of this Play would have been apparent to mystify us still more in any attempt to supply its stage History. For instances to avoid bringing in Fontinbeas and his army—even if represented by "four or five most ragged foils—to interrupt the action of an already tremendous Play—Hamlet's entire fourth soliloquy about "the little patch of ground not worth five ducats" is ruthlessly cut out in the first Folio. All the dialogue between Bernardo comparing the ghost's appearance to the sheeted dead that erst did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets, (which omission by the utmost latitude of conjecture has been assigned to an accommodation of this

play with an assumed run of Julius Caesar, either just before, or just after a run of Hamlet): four lines, concerning "that monster custom" spoken by Hamlet in his mother's chamber, and that most comfortable soliloquy of Prince Hamlet's in which he proposes to hoist the engiaer with his own petar, and by delving one yard below his enemies' mines to blow them at the moon! That these should be found in the Second Quarto and omitted in the First Folio is a curious commentary on the "Heminge and Condell" statement that the First Folio version presented the plays "cured and perfect of their limber and absolute in their numbers," etc. Especially when we obtain this parallelization by such a parallelization as follows:

"Heminge and Condell."	Pliny's Natural History.
For, when we valew the places our H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then, to descend to the reading of these trifles:	I considered your situation much too elevated for you to descend to such an office.
Wherein, as we haue justly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but vvith a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, vvho are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection.	* * * even those who come to pay their respects to you do so with a kind of veneration: on this account I ought to be careful that what is dedicated to you should be worthy of you.
Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes or & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened cake. It vvas no fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could.	But the country people, and indeed, some whole nations offer milk to the Gods, and those who cannot procure frankincense substitute in its place salted cakes, for the Gods are not satisfied when they are worshipped by every one to the best of his ability.
And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to Temples.	* * * for things are often conceived to be of great value, solely because they are consecrated in temples.
And vvhile we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd ourselves of the defence of our Dedication.	And by this dedication I have deprived myself of the benefit of challenge. For still thou ne'er wouldst quite dispise the trifles that I write.
But since your L. L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-	

thing heeretofore; and haue prosequuted bothe them, and their authour liuing with so much favour.	
There is a great difference, vvhether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: this hath done both.	For it is a very different thing whether a person has a judge given him by lot, or whether he voluntarily selects one.

Such a deadly parallel column as the above sufficiently indicates that "Heminge and Condell" is a pseudonym for some one who was very much another sort of person from the two actors who ended their days as a grocer and a Publican, respectively, without so much as a suspicion that their names had been used to present the world with its most magnificent Literature!

And yet it seems that the tares must always grow with the wheat. Prince Hamlet addresses to poor Ophelia a remark so excessively coarse and vile, that, even in the Warwickshire dialect in which it is smothered, it is unprintable for the popular reader! Let us hope that this passage is a survival from the lost UR-HAMLET!

APPLETON MORGAN.

Rooms of The New York Shakespeare Society,
New York City, October 2nd, 1907.

THE
tragicall historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.

It hath diuers times been acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants.

LONDON

Printed by N. [illegible] for [illegible] and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel.

THE Tragicall Hiſtorie of HAMLET, *Prince of Denmarke.*

By William Shakeſpeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe vnder Saint Dunſtons Church in Fleetſtreet. 1604.

Ghost of the old King of Denmarke
Erico. Brother to the King.
Hamlet. Prince son to the murdered King
Sigrie. The Queen, Hamlet's mother.
Horatio. A noble friend to the Prince
Corambus. Royal Chamberlain.
Leonhardis—Corambis his son
Ophelia—Corambis his daughter
Phantasnio—The Court Fool
Francisco. Officer of the guard
Carl. A Principall of the Actors.
Iers. A Peasant
Two Bandits. Sentinells. Life Guards
Players &c

HAMLET

First Sentlnel. What friend?
Second Sentinel. A friend.
First Sentinel. What Friend?
Second Sentinel. Sentinel.

First Sentinel. Ah, the watchword! comrade!—you're come to relieue me. I only hope the time may not be so long to you as it has been to me.

Second Sentinel. Why, comrade, it is not so cold now.
First Sentinel. Cold or not, I'ue a Hell's own sweat.
Second Sentinel. Why so timid?—that's not soldierly. A soldier should fear neither friend nor foe; nor euen the Devil himself.
First Sentinel. That's all very well; but let the Deuil once catch *you* behind, and you'll be taught to sing *Miserere Domino.*

The Tragedie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. WHose there?
Bar. Nay answer me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.
Fran. Long liue the King,
Fran. *Barnardo.*
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Francisco,*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at hart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*
The riualls of my watch, bid them make hast.
Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.

Second Sentinel. What, then, is it *that* which has really frightened you?

First Sentinel. I'll tell you all about it. I have seen a ghost in the front of the castle, who has twice tried to pitch me down from the bastion.

Second Sentinel. Hold your tongue, you fool. Dead dogs don't bite. I'd like to see if a ghost that has neither flesh nor blood can hurt me.

First Sentinel. Well, if he do show himself, you'll see what he will be like, and whether or no he will frighten you. I will remain in the watch-house. Adieu.

Second Sentinel. Off with you; perhaps you were born on a Sunday, and can see ghosts of all sorts. I'll now mount guard myself. [*Heaths, to the sound of trumpets within.*

Our new King makes merry. They are drinking healths.

Ghost of the King approaches the Sentinel, and *frightens him, and exit.*

Second Sent. O holy Anthony of Padua—defend me! I see now what my comrade asserted to me. O Saint Velten if my first watch were only up I would take to my heels like a lifter. I wish I had a stoup of wine from the King's board to quench the heat and fear in my Soul.

[*Ghost comes up behind him—and strikes him a blow on the ear.* Sentinel flings down his musket.] The Devil himself is after me. I am too frightened even to run away! [*Exit.*]

Mar. O, farwell honeſt ſouldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio,* welcome good *Marcellus,*
Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſaies tis but our fantaſie,
And will not let belief take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of vs.
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this appariſion come,
He may approue our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we haue two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well, ſit we downe,
And let vs hear *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond ſame ſtarre thats weaſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t'llume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the ſame figure like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou are a ſcholler, ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*
Hora. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to
Mar. Speake to it, *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that vſurpſt this time of night.
Together with that faire and warlike forme,

Second Sentinel. Who's there?

Horatio. The Rovnds.

Second Sentinel. Which?

Horatio. Main Rovnd.

Second Sentinel. Stand Watch. Corporal forward. Shovlder arms.

Enter [*Francisco and Watch. They give the word from the other side.*

Horatio. Sentinel, look well to yovr post; perhaps the Prince himseslf may go the rovnds. Be cavght sleeping and it may cost yov yovr head.

Second Sentinel. I wish the whole company were here. Not a man of them wovld go to sleep; for my part I mvst either be relieved, or rvn away, and be hanged to-morrow.

Horatio. Why.

Second Sentinel. Oh, my good Lord, there's a ghost here, which appears every qvarter of an hovr; it has so broken me vp that I had as lief be in Pvrgatory.

Francisco. This is jvst what the last sentinel has told me.

Second Sentinel. Aye, aye, only stop a bit. It won't keep away long. [*Ghost passes across the stage.*

Horatio. On my life it is a ghost, and looks jvst like the late King of Denmark.

Francisco. He bears himself sadly, and seems as if he wovld say something.

Horatio. There is some mystery here.

In which the Maieſtie of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march, by heauen I charge thee Speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtaukes away.

Hora. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake, I charge thee ſpeake, *Exit Ghoſt.*
Mar. Tis gone and will not anſwere.
Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this ſomthing more than phantaſie?
What thinke you-ont?
Hora. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the ſencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe,
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frowned he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis ſtrange,
Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall ſtauke hath he gone by our watch.
Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me that knowes,
Why this ſame ſtrikt and moſt obſeruant watch
So nightly toiles the ſubiect of the land.
And with ſuch dayly coſt of brazon Canon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-writes, whoſe fore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who iſt that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo; our laſt King,
Whoſe image euen but now apear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway,*
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet,*
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemed him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe,* who by a ſeald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy
Did forfait (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Againſt the which a moitie competent.
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe,*
Had he bin vanquiſher; as by the ſame comart
And carriage of the article deſſeigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbraſſe*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt up a liſt of lawleſſe reſolutes
For foode and diet to ſome enterpriſe.
That hath a ſtomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our ſtate
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The ſource of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poſt haſt and Romadge in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enſo;
Well may it ſort that this portentious figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.
Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eyes:
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt *Iulius* fell
The graues ſtood tennatleſſe, and the ſheeted dead

Did ſqueake and gibber in the Roman ſtreets.
As ſtarres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Diſaſters in the ſunne; and the moiſt ſtarre,
Vpon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empire ſtands,
Was ſicke almoſt to doomeſday with eclipſe.
And euen the like precurſe of feare euents
As harbindgers preceading ſtill the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonſtrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But ſoft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile croſſe it though it blaſt mee; ſtay illuſion, *It ſpreads*
If thou haſt any ſound or vſe of voyce, *his armes.*
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe eaſe, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death. *The cocke*
Speake of it, ſtay and ſeake, ſtop it *Marcellus.* *crowes*

Mar. Shall I ſtrikee it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone.
We doe it wrong being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhowe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to ſpeake when the cock crewe.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull ſummons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,

King. Although our brother's death is still deep in all our memories, and although custom requires vs to go into mourning and hold no state pageants or ceremonials we haue thought best to neuertheless change our sombre funeral suits (or suits of crimson, purple and scarlet because my late brother's widow has become my most dear consort and wife.

Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This preſent object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some ſay that euer gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dare ſturre abroade
The nights are wholeſome, then no plannets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed, and ſo gratious is that time.

Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the morne in ruſſet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eaſtward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduiſe
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet,* for vppon my life
This ſpirit dumb to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Doe you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it
As needful in our loues, fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we ſhall find him moſt conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrade the Queene, Counſaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, Cum Alys.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that its befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet ſo farre hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our ſelues:
Therefore our ſometime Sifter, now our Queene

Let euery one then be cheerful and make festiual with vs.

Th'imperiall ioyntreſſe to this warlike ſtate
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auſpitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equal ſcale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wiſdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbraſſe,*
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our ſtate to be diſioynt, and out of frame
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to peſtur vs with meſſage
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our moſt valiant brother, ſo much for him:
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbraſſe*
Who impotent and bedred ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe; to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect, and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius,* and you *Valtemand,*
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway,*
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſiness with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haſt commend your dutie.
Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we ſhowe our dutie.
King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of ſome ſute, what iſt *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane
And loſe your voyce; what wold'ſt thou begge *Laertes?*

King. But say, Corambus, how is it with your son Leonhardus? Has he already set out for France?

Corambvs. Aye, my gracious Lord and King, he has gone already.

King. But is this with your consent?

Corambvs. Aye—Upper Consent, Middle Consent, and Lower Consent! O, Your Highness, he has got an extraordinary, noble, excellent, and glorious consent from me.

King. As he has your Consent, so may it go well with me, and may bring him safe back again to vs.

But you, Prince Hamlet, we wish you most of all to be contented. See how your mother grieues and is rendered unhappy by your constant melancholy. We haue heard too that you haue determined to return to the Uniuersity of Wittenburg. We pray you for your mother's sake to abandon such an intention. Remain here at our court, we pray you. For we loue you and loue to haue you near vs, and are solicitous that no mischance befall you. Or if you wish not to keep yourself at our court, go to your hereditary Kingdom of Norway.

That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more natiue to the hart
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes?*
Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leaue and fauor to returne to Fraunce,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To ſhowe my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward Fraunce
And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what ſaies *Polonius?*
Palo. Hath my Lord wroung from me my ſlowe leaue
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,

I doe beſeech you giue him leaue to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes,* time be thine
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet,* and my ſonne.
Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kind.
King. How is it that the clowdes ſtill hang on you.
Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.
Queene. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke,*
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the duſt,
Thou know'ſt tis common all that liues muſt die,
Paſsing through nature to eternitie.
Ham. I Maddam, it is common.
Quee. If it be
Why ſeemes it ſo perticuler with thee.
Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not ſeemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor cuſtomary ſuites of ſolemble blacke

Nor windie ſuſpiration of forſt breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the viſage
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe
That can deuote me truely, theſe indeede ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play.
But I haue that within which paſſes ſhowe
Theſe but the trappings and the fruites of woe.
King. Tis ſweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet,*
To giue theſe mourning duties to your father
But you muſt knowe your father loſt a father,
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſuruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowe, but to perſeuer
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,
It ſhowes a will moſt incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderſtanding ſimple and vnſchoold
For what we knowe muſt be, and is as common

As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peuiſh oppoſition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moſt imediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent

Queen. My much beloued son, Prince Hamlet, it greatly astonishes me that you haue decided to leaue us here, and to betake yourself to Wittenberg. Thou knowest well that we mourn your royal father so lately dead, and that, if you leaue vs, it will add to our grief. Dearest son, then remain here, and demand without restraint whatsoeuer may please and delight you.

Hamlet. I will obey you with all my heart, and will remain.

King. Do so, dearest Prince. We haue, howeuer, determined to hold a carouse, whereby our dearest spouse may forget her melancholy. But you, Prince Hamlet, and the other nobles, must shew yourselues cheerful. For the present, howeuer, we must make an end of our festiuities, for the day is coming on to put to flight the black night. Thee, howeuer, my dearest consort, I must follow to your bed-chamber.

Come, let vs, hand in hand and arm in arm embrace.
Enjoying the sweet pledge of quiet loue a space.

In going back to ſchoole in *Wittenberg*.
It is moſt retrogard to our deſire.
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, coſin, and our ſonne.
Quee. Let not thy mother looſe her prayers *Hamlet,*
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obay you Madam.
King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the clouds ſhall tell.
And the Kings rowſe the heauen ſhall brute againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Floriſh.* *Exeunt all,*
Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt
His cannon gainſt ſeale ſlaughter, o God, God,
How wary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to ſeede, things rancke and groſe in nature,
Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus

But two months dead, nay not ſo much, not two.
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a ſatüre, ſo louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Viſite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere thoſe ſhooes were old

King. Dearest consort, how comes it that you are so sad. You are our Queen. We loue you, and all the kingdom is yours. What is it that troubles you?

Queen. My King, I am greatly troubled at the melancholy of my son Hamlet. He is my only prince; and this it is that pains me.

King. Still melancholy? We will call in all the wisest physicians of our realm, that they may reliene him.

Second Sentinel. Who's there?
Hamlet. Hush!
Second Sentinel. Who's there?
Hamlet. Hush!
Second Sentinel. Answer, or I'll teach you better manners.
Hamlet. A friend.
Second Sentinel. What friend?
Hamlet. Friend to the kingdom.
Francisco. By my life it is the Prince.
Horatio. Your Highness—is it you or not?
Hamlet. What! you here, Horatio? What brings you?

With which ſhe followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe
O God, a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules,* within a month,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares,
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes
She married, o moſt wicked ſpeede; to poſt
With ſuch dexteritie to inceſtious ſheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhip.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio,* or I do forget my ſelfe.
Hora. The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio?*
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you, (good euen ſir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg?*
Hora. A truant diſpoſition good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enimie ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elſonoure?*
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Horatio. Your Highness, I have gone the rounds to see that every one is at his post.

Hamlet. That's like an honest soldier: for on you rests the safety of the King and kingdom.

Horatio. Your Highness, a strange thing has happened. Regularly every quarter of an hour a ghost appears; and, to my mind, he is very like the late King—your father. He frightens the sentinels terribly.

Hora. My Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funerall.
Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe ſtudient,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio,* the funerall ba'kt meates
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dareſt foe in heauen
Or euer I had ſeene that day *Horatio,*
My father, me thinks I ſee my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Hora. I ſaw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I ſhall not looke vppon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. ſaw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hora. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent care till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of theſe gentlemen
This maruil to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo,* on their watch
In the dead waſt and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with ſolemn march,
Goes ſlowe anad ſtately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurpriſed eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'ſt they diſtil'd
Almoſt to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull ſecreſie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time

Hamlet. I hope not, for the ſoals of the good reſt quietly till the time of their reſurrection.

Horatio. Yet, ſo it is. I'ue ſeen it myſelf.

Francisco. And he has frightened me, Your Highneſs.

Second Sentinel. And he has given me a box on the ear.

Hamlet. What is the time?

Francisco. Midnight.

Hamlet. Good!—it is iuſt the time when ghoſts, when they walk, loue to ſhow themſelues.

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparifion comes; I knewe your father,

Thefe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vppon the platforme where we watch.
Ham. Did you not fpeake to it?
Hora. My Lord I did,
But anfwer made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp its head, and did addreffe
Itfelfe to motion like as it would fpeake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the found it fhrunk in haft away
And vanifht from our fight.
Ham. Tis very ftrange.
Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.
Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd fay you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foote.
Ham. Then fawe you not his face
Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.
Ham. What look't he frowningly?
Hora. A countenance more in forrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hora. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hora. Moft conftantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.
Ham. Very like, ftayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hundreth.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hora. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſsl'd, no.
Hora. It was as I haue ſeene it in his life
A ſable ſiluer'd.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it though hell itſelſe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this ſight
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill,
And what ſomeuer els ſhall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderſtanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, ſo farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelfe
Ile viſite you.
All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell,
My fathers ſpirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt ſome foule play, would the night were come,
Til then ſit ſtill my ſoule, fonde deeds will riſe
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My neceſſaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And ſiſter, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in aſsiſtant doe not ſleepe
But let me heere from you.
Ophe. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet,* and the trifling of his ſauour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood

A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, ſweete, not laſting,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute
No more.
Ophe. Not more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward ſeruice of the minde and ſoule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no ſoyle nor cautell doth beſmirch
The vertue of his will, but you muſt feare,

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualewed perſons doe,
Carue for himſelfe, for on his choiſe depends
The ſafty and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choiſe be circumſcribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he ſaies he loues you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo farre to belieue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his ſaying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what loſſe your honor may ſuſtaine
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs
Or looſe your hart, or your chaſt treaſure open
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia,* feare it my dear ſiſter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire,
"The charieſt maide is prodigall inough
If ſhe vnmaske her butie to the Moone
"Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the ſpring
Too oft before their buttons be diſcloſ'd,

And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt iminent,
Bewary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though non els neare.
Ophe. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Does not as ſome vngracious paſtors doe,
Showe me the ſtep and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puſt, and reckles libertine
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalience treads.
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O feare me not,
I ſtay too long, but heere my father comes
A double bleſsing, is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.
Pol. Yet heere *Laertes?* a bord a bord for ſhame,
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtayed for, there my bleſsing with thee,
And theſe fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But doe not dull thy palms with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy judgment,
Coſtly thy habite as thy purſe can by,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Or of a moſt ſelect and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both itſelfe, and friend,

And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man:
Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.
Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruents tend.
Laer. Farwell *Ophelia,* and remember well
What I haue sayd to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you yourselfe shall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?
Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you yourselfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand yourselfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you speak like a greene girle
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke yourselfe a babie
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender yourselfe more dearly
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, go to, go to.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vows of heauen.
Pol. I, ſprings to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light than heat, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making
You muſt not take for fire, from this time
Be ſomething ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet,*
Belieue ſo much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia,*
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhowe
But meere imploratotors of vnholy ſuites
Breathing like ſanctiſied and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth

Haue you ſo ſlaunder any moment leaſure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet,*
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites ſhroudly, it is very colde.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What houre now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke.

The Platform.

[*Healths again.*

Hamlet. Ha!—what is that?

Horatio.—I fancy it is the Court still drinking healths.

Hamlet. Right, Horatio! My Lord and father and vncle makes himself merry with his followers.

Alas, Horatio, I know not how it is that since my father's death I am always so sick at heart; while my royal mother has already forgotten him, and the King still sooner: for while I was in Germany he had himself crowned with all haste in Denmark. But to assume some sort of show of title he has made ouer to me the Crown of Norway, and appealed to the will of the States.

Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke. *A flourish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2 peeces goes of.*
Ham. The King, doth wake to night and takes his rowſe.
Keepes waſſell and the ſwaggering vp-ſpring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Renniſh downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry ift,
But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruence.
This heauy headed reueale eaſt and weſt
Makes vs traduſt, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swiniſh phraſe
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our aſchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attributes,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reaſon,
Or by ſome habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forms of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandle

Enter Ghoſt.

Hora. Look my Lord it comes.

Hamlet. Speak! say who thou art, and what thou desirest.
Ghost. Hamlet.
Hamlet. Sir.
Ghost. Hamlet.
Hamlet. What desirest thou?

Second Sentinel. Ha!—here's the ghost again.
Horatio. Does Your Highness see now?
Francisco. Don't be frightened, your Highness.
[*Ghost crosses the stage and beckons to Hamlet.*
Hamlet. The ghost beckons me. Gentlemen, stand aside awhile. Horatio, do not go far away from here. I will follow the ghost and ascertain what he wants. [*Exit.*
Horatio. Gentlemen; let vs follow him to see that he suffer no harm. [*Exeunt. Ghost beckons Hamlet to the middle of the stage and opens his jaws seueral times.*

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs:
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet,*
King, father, royall Dane, o anſwere mee,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe, what may this meane
That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele
Reuiſites thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould we doe? *Beckins.*
Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will followe it.
Hora. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why what ſhould be the feare,
I doe not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as itſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.
Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my,
Or to the dreadfull ſommet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme

Ghost. Hear me, Hamlet, for the time approaches when I must gine myself back to the place whence I haue came. Hear and gine heed to what I shall relate.

Hamlet. Speak, thy departed shade of my royal Lord and father.

Ghost. Then hear. Son Hamlet, what I haue to tell you is thy father's vnnatural death.

Hamlet. What! vnnatural death!

Ghost. Ay! vnnatural death! Know that I had the habit to which

Which might depriue your ſoueraigntie of reaſon,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes ſo many fadoms to the ſea
And hears it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nameon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen.
By heauen Ile make a ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe on. Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hora. He waxes deſperate with imagion.
Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmarke,
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile go no further,
Ghoſt.—Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrus and tormenting flames.
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but leend they ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit,
Doomed for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confined to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away; but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe,
I could a tale vnfolde whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to ſtand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood, liſt, liſt, o liſt:
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father love.
Ham. O God.
Ghoſt. Reuenge his foule, and moſt unnaturall murther.
Ham. Murther.
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo'the whole eare of Denmarke.
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Ranckely abuſde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life

natvre had accvstomed me to go in my royal pleasvre-garden every day after dinner, and there to sleep for an hvor. One day my brother, thirsting for my crown, and had with him the svbtle jvice of ebenon. This oil, or jvice, has the following effect: As soon as a few drops of it mix with the blood of a man, they, immediate, clog the passages of life and destroy life. This jvice, while I was asleep, he povred into my ear; as soon as it reached my head, I died at once; wherevpon it was given out that I had died of a violent apoplexy.

So was I robbed

Now wears his Crowne.
Ham. O my propheticke foule! my Vncle?

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet,* what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage and to decline
Vppon a wretch whoſe natural gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued.
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen.
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will ſort itſelfe in a celeſtial bed.
And pray on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard.
My cuſtome always of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curled Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my ears did poure
The leaprous deſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmitie with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſiluerät courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curds like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter barckt about
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome craft.
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,

of my life of my kingdom and of my wife all at the same time by this Tyrant!

Hamlet. Iust Heauens! if this be true I swear to reuenge you.
Ghost. I cannot rest vntil my vnnatural murder be reuenged.
[*Exit.*
Hamlet. I swear that I will not rest vntil I haue had my reuenge on this fratricide.

Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, unanuelld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withal my imperfections on my hand,
O horrible, o horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy foule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting, her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere.
And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, Adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen, o earth, what els,
And shall I coupple hell, o fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All sawes of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation coppied there
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by haeuen,
O most pernicious woman,
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.

Horatio. How is it with Your Highness? Why so terror-stricken? Hast thou perchance been disturbed?

Hamlet. Yes, indeed; beyond all measure.

Horatio. Has Your Highness seen the ghost?

Hamlet. Aye! truly—seen and spoken to it.

Horatio. O Heavens! this bodes something strange.

Hamlet. He has revealed to me a horrible thing; therefore I pray you, gentlemen, stand by me in a matter that calls for vengeance.

So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue fworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hora. Heauens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar. How i'ſt my noble Lord?
Hora. What news my Lord?
Ham. O, wonderfull.
Hora. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueal it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be ſecret.
Booth. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You, as your buſines and deſire ſhall poynt you.
For euery man hath buſines and deſire
Such as it is, and for my own poore part.
I will go pray.
Hora. Theſe are but wilde and whuiling words my Lord.
Ham. I am ſorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Horatio. You are surely conuinced of my faithfulness, only tell me.

Francisco. Your Highness cannot doubt as to my help.

Hamlet. Gentlemen, before I reueal the matter you must swear an oath on your truth and honor.

Francisco. Your Highness knows the loue I bear you. I will willingly risk my life if you can haue your reuenge.

Horatio. Put thou the oath to vs, and we will stand by you as true men.

Hamlet. Then, lay your finger on my sword—"We swear."

Horatio and Francisco. We swear.

Ghost (*within*). We swear.

Hamlet. Holla!—what is this? swear again.

Horatio and Francisco. We swear.

Ghost. We swear.

Hamlet. What is this? It is an echo which sends back to the rebound of our words. Come, we will go to another spot. We swear.

Hora. There's no offense my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick,* but there is *Horatio,*
And much offense to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremaſtrer as you may, and now good friends.
As you are friends, ſchollars and ſouldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hora. What i'st my Lord, we will
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſeene to night.
Booth. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but ſwear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Vppon my ſword.
Mar. We haue ſworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeede vppon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt cries under the Stage.

Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellows in the Sellerige.
Conſent to ſweare.
Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you have ſeene
Sweare by my sword.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham & vbique, then weele ſhift our ground;
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe upon my ſword,
Sweare by my ſword.
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.
Ghoſt. Sweare by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth ſo faſt.
A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.

Hamlet. O I now hear what this means. It seems that the ghost of my father is displeased at my making the matter known. Gentlemen, I pray you, leaue me; to-morrow I will reueal euerything.

Horatio and Francisco. Farewell, Your Highness. [*Exit Francisco.*

Hamlet. Horatio, come hither.

Horatio. What is your Highness' will?

Hamlet. Has the other gone?

Horatio. He has.

Hamlet. I know, Horatio, that thou hast at all times been true to me, so I will reueal to you what the Ghost has told me, namely, that my father died a uiolent death. My father—he who is now my father—has murdered him.

Horatio. O Heauen! what do I hear?

Hamlet. Thou knowest, Horatio, that my dear departed father's custom was euery day after his dinner to sleep an hour in his summer-house. The uillain, knowing this, comes to my father and pours into his ear, whilst he slept, the juice of ehenon, under which my father's spirit departed. This the accursed dog did in order to obtain the crown; and now from this moment I will put on an affected madness, and in my affectation so skilfully play my part that I shall find an opportunity to aueuge my father's death.

Horatio. If so it is to be, I pledge myself to be true to Your Highness.

Hamlet. Horatio, I will so aueuge myself on this ambitious and adulterous murderer that posterity shall speak of it till eternity. I will now go and dissemble and bide my time until I find opportunity to work my reueuge. [*Exeunt.*

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio.*
Then are dream't of in your philoſophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer ſo help you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odde ſo mere I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall
With arrmes incomhred thus, or this head ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Of if we liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe ſweare,
So grace and mercy at your Moſt neede helpe you.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit; ſo Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you.

And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is.
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and frending to you.
God willing ſhall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, o curſed ſpight
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him his money, and theſe notes. *Reynaldo.*
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall doe meruils wiſely good *Reynaldo,*
Before you viſite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well ſaid, very well ſaid; looke you ſir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompaſment, and drift of queſtion.
That they doe know my ſonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticular demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo?*
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol. And in part him, but you may ſay not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo ranck
As may diſhonour him, take heeds of that,
But ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonor him.
Poſ. Fayth as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.
You muſt not put another ſcandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults ſo quently
That they may ſeeme the taints of libertie,
The flaſh and out-breaks of a fierie mind,
A ſauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall affault.
Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry ſir, heer's my drift.
And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying theſe flight ſallies on my ſonne.

As t'were a thing a little ſoyld with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerſe, him you would ſound
Hauing euer ſeene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence,
Good ſir, (or ſo,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phraſe, or the addiſtion
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good my Lord.
Pol. And then ſir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to ſay?
By the maſſe I was about to ſay ſomething.
Where did I leaue?
Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes thus, I know the gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or th' other day,
Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and as you ſay,
There was a gaming there, or took in's rowſe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or ſo foorth, ſee you now,
Your bait of falſehood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wiſedome, and of reach,
With windleſſes, and with aſſaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lectures and aduiſe

Shall you my ſonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Rey. My Lord, I haue.
Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.
Rey. Good my Lord.
Pol. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.
Rey. I ſhall my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his muſique.
Rey. Well my Lord. ***Exit Rey.***

Ophelia. Alas, father, protect me!

Corambus. What is it, my child?

Ophelia. Alas, father! Prince Hamlet importunes me. He lets me haue no peace.

Corambus. Make yourself easy, my daughter. He has not done anything elsse, has he?

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?
Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene ſo affrighted,
Pol. With what i'th name of God?
Oph. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other.
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had been loofed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy loue?
Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to ſuch perufall of my face
As a would draw it, long ſtay'd he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſd a ſigh ſo pittious and profound
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulder turn'd
Hee ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extracie of loue,
Whoſe violent propertie fordoos it ſelfe,
And leades the will to deſperat vndertakings
As oft as any paſsions vnder heauen

That dooes afflict our natures: I am ſorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters, and denied
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but beſhrow my Ieloufiee:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion; come, goe we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, which beeing kept cloſe, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh: Enter King and Queene, Roſencrans and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere *Roſencrans,* and *Guyldensterne,*
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The neede we haue to vſe you did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending, ſomething haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, ſo call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was, what it ſhould be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of ſo young dayes brought vp with him,
And ſith ſo nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather

So much as from occaſion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.
Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And ſure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Rof. Both your Maieſties
Might by the ſoueraigne power you haue of vs.
Put your dread pleaſures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.
Guyl. But we both obey.
And here giue vp our ſelues in the full bent,
To lay our ſeruice at your feete
To be commaunded.
King. Thanks *Roſencraus* and gentle *Guyldensterne.*
Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Roſencrans.*
And I beseech you inſtantly to viſite
My too much changed ſonne, goe ſome of you
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guyl. Heauens make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpfull to him.
Quee. I Amen. *Exeunt Roſ. and Guyld.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embaſſadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returned.
King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good newes.
Pol. Haue I my Lord? I aſſure my good Liege
I hold my duties as I hold my ſoule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie ſo ſure
As it hath vſd to doe, that I haue found

The very caufe of *Hamlets* lunacie:
King. O fpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol. Giue firft admittance to th'embaffadors,
My newes fhall be the fruite to that great feaft.
King. Thy felfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and fource of all your fonnes diftemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our haftie marriage.

Enter Embaffadors.

King. Well, we fhall fift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand,* what from our brother *Norway?*
Vol. Moft faire returne of greetings and defires;
Vpon our firft, he fent out to fuppreffe
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainft the *Pollacke,*
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againft your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That fo his ficknes, age, and impotence
Was falfly borne in hand, fends out arrefts
On *Fortenbraffe,* which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway,* and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'affay of Armes againft your Maieftie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threefcore thoufand crownes in anuall fee.
And his commifsion to imploy thofe fouldiers
So leuied (as before) againft the *Pollacke,*
With an entreatie heerein further fhone,
That it might pleafe you to giue quiet uaffe
Through your dominions for this enterprife
On fuch regards of fafety and allowance
As therein are fet downe.
King. It likes vs well,

Corambus. News, my gracious Lord King.

King. What news?

Corambus. Prince Hamlet is mad; mad as euer the Greek madman.

Corambus. Because he has lost his wits.

King. And why is he mad?

King. Where has he lost his wits?

Corambus. That's more than I know. He that has found them may perhaps know.

Oh, now I know why Prince Hamlet is mad. He is certainly in loue with my daughter.

King. Can loue then, make a man mad?

Corambus. No doubt, my gracious Lord and King, loue is full strong enough to make a man mad. I remember myself when I was young how it plagued me—it made me as mad as a March hare. But I take no note of it. I like better to sit by my fireplace, and count out my red coins, and drink Your Majesty's health.

And at our more conſidered time, wee'le read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this buſines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your reſt, at night weele feaſt together,
Moſt welcome home. *Exeunt Embaſſadors.*

Pol. This buſines is well ended.

My Liege and Maddam, to expoſtulate
What maieſtie ſhould be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſt night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the ſoule of wit,
And tedioufnes the lymmes and outward floriſhes,
I will be briefe, your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call it, for to define true madnes,
What iſt but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leſſe art.

Pol. Maddam, I ſweare I vſe no art at all,
That hee's mad tls true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmiſe,

> *To the Celestiall and my ſoules Idoll, the most beautified* Ophelia, *that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Maddam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt thou the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer.
But neuer doubt I loue.
O deere *Ophelia,* I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my grones, but that I loue thee beſt, o moſt beſt believe it, adew.
Thine euermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this machine is to him.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhowne me. (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his ſolicitings
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine proue ſo, but what might you thinke
When I had ſeene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I muſt tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maieſtie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke.
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Miſtris thus I did beſpeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſtar,
This muſt not be: and then I preſcripts gaue her
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from her reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, ſhe tooke the fruites of my aduiſe:
And he repell'd, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell into a ſadness, then into a faſt,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakness,
Thence to lightnes and by this declenſion,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke this?

King. Cannot we ſee with our own eyes his raving and madness?
Corambus. Yes, Your Majeſty. We will juſt move a little aſide, and my daughter ſhall ſhow him the jewel of which he has made her a preſent, and then Your Majeſty can ſee his madneſs. [*They hide.*

Quee. It may be very like
Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, tis ſo,
When it proou'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwiſe;
Ir circumſtances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know ſometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.
Pol. At ſuch a time, Ile looſe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon
Let me be no aſsiſtant for a ſtate
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I doe beſeech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him preſently, oh giue me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fiſhmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.
Pol. Honeſt my Lord.
Ham. I ſir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thouſand.
Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the ſunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſsing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a bleſsing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that, ſtill harping on my daughter, yet hee knewe me not at firſt, a ſayd I was a Fiſhmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I ſuffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Between who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders ſir; for the ſatericall rogue ſayes heere, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plentifull lacke of wit, together with moſt weake hams, all which ſir though I moſt powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honeſtly to haue it thus ſet downe, for your ſelfe ſir ſhall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant ſometimes his replies are, a happines that often madneſſe hits on, which reaſon and ſanctity could not ſo proſperouſly be deliuered of, I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guylderſterne, and Roſencraus.*

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to ſeeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Roſ. God ſaue you ſir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Roſ. My moſt deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how dooſt thou *Guylderſterne?* A *Roſencraus,* good lads how doe you both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhooe.

Roſ. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſt, or in the middle of her fa-
Guyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Forſtune, oh moſt true, ſhe is a What newes? (ſtrumpet,

Roſ. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſonoure?*

Roſ. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and ſure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny: were you not ſent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, come, deale iuſtly with me, come, come, nay ſpeake.

Guyl. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpoſe: you were ſent for, and there is a kind of confeſsion in your lookes, which your modeſties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preſerued loue; and by what more deare a better propoſer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſ. What ſay you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery, and your ſecrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, loſt all my mirth, forgon all cuſtome of exerciſes: and indeede it goes ſo heauily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the earth, ſeemes to mee a ſterill promontorie, this moſt excellent Canopei the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maieſticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reaſon, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expreſſe and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehenſion, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Aunimales; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of duſt: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your ſmiling, you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I ſayd man delights not me.

Roſ. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players ſhall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you ſeruice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhal be welcome, his Maieſtie ſhall haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight ſhall vſe his foyle and target, the Louer ſhall not ſigh gratis, the humorus Man ſhall end his part in peace, and the Lady ſhall ſay her minde freely: or the black verſe ſhall hault for't. What players are they?

Roſ. Euen thoſe were wont to take ſuch delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

Roſ. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouaſion.

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they ſo followed.

Roſ. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is ſomething in this more then naturall, if Philoſophie could find it out. *A Floriſh.*

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elſonoure,* your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you muſt ſhowe fairely outwards, ſhould more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Corambus. News, my gracious Lord! the actors are come.

Hamlet. When Marius Roscius was an actor in Rome, that was a fine time.

Corambus. Ha! ha! ha! Your Highness is alwaſs bantering.

Hamlet. O Jeptha, Jeptha, what a fair daughter had'ſt thou!

Corambus. Your Highness always will be harping on my daughter.

Hamlet. Well, old man; let the maſter of the actor company come in.

Corambus. It ſhall be ſo. [*Exit.*

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North weſt; when the wind is Souththerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand ſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Guyldenſterne,* and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you ſee there is not yet out of his ſwadling clouts.

Rof. Happily he is the ſecond time come to them, for they ſay an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You ſay right ſir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roſſius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Aſſe.

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, Hiſtory, Paſtorall, Paſtorall Comicall, Hiſtoricall Paſtorall, ſcene indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: theſe are the only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Iſraell, what a treaſure had'ſt thou?

Pol. What a treaſure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the whole he loued paſsing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha?*

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue (paſsing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to paſſe, as moſt like it was; the firſt rowe of the pious chanſon will ſhowe you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Carl. May the Gods euer bestow on Your Highness blessings, luck, and health.

Hamlet. Thanks, my friend! What can I do for you?

Carl. With leaue, your Highness, we are foreign High German actors. Our wish was to haue had the priuilege of acting at His Majesty's wedding. But Fortune turned her back, and only contrary winds their face, towards us. so we now ask of your Highness leaue to perform, that our long journey shall not haue been made in vain.

Hamlet. Were you not, some years ago, at the Uniuersity of Wittenberg? I think I saw you act there.

Carl. Yes, your Highness. We are the same company.

Hamlet. Haue you still got the whole company?

Carl. We are not so strong, since some students took appointments in Hamburg. Still we are enough for many pleasant Comedies and Tragedies.

Hamlet. Can you giue vs a play this very night?

Carl. Yes, your Highness, we are strong enough and in practice enough for that.

Hamlet. Haue you still the three actresses with you? They used to act well.

Carl. No, only two. One stayed behind with her husband at the Court of Saxony.

Hamlet. When you were at Wittenberg you performed Comedies very well; only you had some fellows among you who had good clothes but dirty shirts, and some who had boots but no spurs.

Carl. Your Highness, it is generally a hard matter to get everything. Perhaps, they thought they could not ride.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maiſters, welcome all, I am glad to ſee thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanct ſince I ſaw thee laſt, com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and miſtris, by lady your Ladiſhippe is nerer to heauen, then when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maiſters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we ſee, weele haue a ſpeech ſtraite, come giue vs a taſt of your quality, come a paſsionate ſpeech.

Player. What ſpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeake me a ſpeech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleaſd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receaued it & others, whoſe iudgments in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet downe with as much modeſtie as cunning. I remember one ſayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter ſauory, nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweete, & by very much, more handſome then fine: one ſpeech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido,* & there about of it eſpecially when he ſpeakes of *Primas* ſlaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pirhus* like Th'ircanian beaſt, tis not ſo, it beginnes with *Pirrhus,* the rugged *Pirrhus,* he whoſe ſable Armes,

Black as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When he lay couched in th'omyonous horſe,
Hath now this dread and black complection ſmeard,
With heraldy more diſmall head to ſoote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and empaſted with the parching ſtreetes
That lend a tirranus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, roſted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-ciſed with coagulate gore,

Hamlet. I am a great louer of your art and only speak to you for the best; for it is a mirror in which one may see one's own faults. Listen. You acted at Wittenberg a piece about King *Pir-, Pir-,* something like Pyr-?

Carl. Ah! it was perhaps one about the great King Pyrrhus.

Hamlet. Very likely; but I am not quite sure.

Carl. Would your Highness name a character in it, or say what it was about?

Hamlet. It was about one brother murdering another in a garden.

Carl. That's the piece. Did not the King's brother pour poison into the King's ear?

Hamlet. He did. That's it. Can you play that piece this evening?

Carl. O yes, easily enough, for there are not many characters.

Hamlet. Well, then, get the stage ready in the great hall. If you want any boards, get them of the Master Mechanic; if anything from the armoury, in the way of clothes, ask the Master of the Robes or

With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellifh *Phirrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* feekes; fo proceede you.
Pol. Foregod my Lord well fpoken, with good accent and good (difcretion.
Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking too fhort at Greekes, his anticke fword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage ftrikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell fword,
Th'vnnerued father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his bafe; and with a hiddious crafh
Takes prifoner *Pirrhus* eare, for loe his fword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerrent *Priam,* feem'd i'th ayre to ftick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* ftood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter ,
Did nothing:
But as we often fee againft fome ftorme,
A filence in the heauens, the racke ftand ftill,
The bold winds fpeechleffe, and the orbe belowe
As hufh as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, fo after *Pirrhus* paufe,
A rowfed vengeance fets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marfes* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne,
With leffe remorfe then *Pirrhus* bleeding fword
Now falls on *Priam.*

Out, out, thou ftrumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall finod take away her power,
Breake all the fpokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.
Pol. This is too long.

the ſteward. We wiſh you to haue whatener you deſire. Care for them well.

Corambus. Aye, aye. I'll treat them as they deſerve.

Hamlet. Treat them, I ſay, well; for there is no greater praiſe to be got than throvgh actors. They trauel far and wide. If treated well in one place, they cannot crack too mvch of it in another; for their ſtage is a little world wherein they repreſent abovt all that takes place in the great world. They renine the old forgotten hiſtories, and ſet before vs good examples; they pvbliſh abroad the jvſtice and praiſe-worthy gouernment of princes; pvniſh nice; exalt nirtve; praiſe the good, and ſhow how tyranny is pvniſhed. Therefore ſhovld you treat them well.

Corambus. Well, they ſhall haue their reward as they are ſvch great people. Farewell, Yovr Highneſs. [*Exit.*

Ham. It ſhall to the barbers with your beard; prethee ſay on, he's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleepes, ſay on, come to *Hecuba*

Play. But who, a woe, had ſeene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With *Biſon* rehume, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venom ſteept,
Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon haue pronounſt;
But if the gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pirrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband limmes,
The inſtantburſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Vnleſſe things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And paſsion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone, Good my Lord will you ſee the players well beſtowed; doe you heare, let them be well vſed, for they are the abſtract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vſe euery man after his deſert, & who ſhall ſcape whipping, vſe them after your owne honor and dignity, the leſſe they deſerue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; doſt thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. I my Lord.

Carl. We humbly thank your Highness for these favours; and will set about it at once. Adieu, Sire. [*Exit.*

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen lines, or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe and inſert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elſinoure.* *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Roſ. Good myLord. *Exeunt.*

Ham. I ſo God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and peſant ſlaue am I.
Is it not monſtrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of paſsion
Could force his ſoule ſo to his owne conceit
That from her working all the viſage wand,
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function ſuting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba.*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he ſhould weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for paſsion
That I haue? he would drowne the ſtage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property and moſt deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a croſſe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the noſe, giues me the lie i'th throate
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I ſhould take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

Hamlet. These actors come most opportunely. Horatio, keep an eye on the King, and see whether he turn pale or change colour; for if he do, he has done the deed. These players, with their feigned stories, often put on the truth. I'll tell you a case in point. It happened in Germany, near Stratsburg. A wife had murdered her husband by piercing him through the heart with a shoemaker's awl; and then, with the help of her paramour, buried him under the doorstep. So matters rested for nine long years; indeed, until certain actors came that way and acted a tragedy containing a similar murder. The wife, who was sitting with her paramour at the play, was pricked in her conscience and began to cry aloud and to shriek "Woe is me! that touches me! so it was that I killed my husband." she tore her hair, ran out of the theatre to the judge and confessed the murder, and, as her story was found to be true, she, in deep repentance for her crime, receined the consolations of a priest, and, in true contrition, surrendered herself to the executioner and commended her soul to God. Perhaps my uncle-father would thus be led to expiation, if he be guilty. Come, Horatio, we will go and await the King. Pray, however, take note of everything, for I must play a part.

Horatio. Your Highness, I will bid my eyes keep a sharp look out.

[*Exeunt.*

To make oppreſsion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould a fatted all the region kytes
With this ſlaues offall, bloody baudy villaine,
Why what an Aſſe am I, this is moſt braue,
That I the ſonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muſt like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drabbe; a ſtallyon, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures ſitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the ſcene,
Beene ſrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ: Ile haue theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I haue ſeene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weaknes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldensterne, Lords.

King. An can you by no dirſt of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Roſ. He dooes confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe, a will by no meanes ſpeake.

Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded,
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe

When we would bring him on to ſome confeſsion
Of his true ſtate.
Quee. Did he receiue you well?
Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.
Guyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition,
Roſ. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds
Moſt free in his reply.
Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſ. Maddam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to intreat your Majeſties
To heare and ſee the matter.
King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ. & Guyl.*

King. Sweet *Gertrard,* leaue vs two,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia;* her father and myſelfe,

Wee'le ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing vnſeene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Iſt be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he ſuffers for.
Quee. I ſhall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia,* I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.
Oph. Maddam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious ſo pleaſe you.

We will beſtow our ſelues; reade on this booke,
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions viſage
And pious action, we doe ſugar ore
The deuill himſelfe.
King. O tis too true,
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my conſcience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my moſt painted word:
O heauy burthen.
Enter Hamlet.
Pol. I heare him coming, with-draw my Lord.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them, to die to ſleepe
No more, and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The hart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhocks
That fleſh is heire to; tis a conſumation

Ophelia. I pray Your Highness to take back the jewel with which you presented me.

Deuoutly to be wiſht to die to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt giue vs pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamitie of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merrit of th'vuworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouer'd country, from whoſe borne
No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe ills we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of,
Thus conſcience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of reſolution
Is ſickled ore with the pale caſt of thought,
And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
And looſe the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.
Oph. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thanke you well.
Oph. My lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.
Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.
Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſd
As made theſe things more rich, their perfume loſt,

Hamlet. What, girl! dost thou want a husband? Get thee away from me—no, come back. Hear, girl; you young women do nothing but lead the young men astray. Your beauty you buy of the apothecaries and peddlers. Listen: I will tell you a story. There was once on a time a knight in Anion, who fell in loue with a lady, who, to look at, was the Goddess Venus. Howeuer, when the bedtime came, the bride went first, and began to undress herself. so first she took out an eye which had been fixed in uery cunningly; then her front teeth, made of iuory, so well that the like were not to be seen; then she washed herself, and away went all the paint she had daubed herself with. And now, when the husband came at last to embrace her, the moment he saw her he shrank back, for he thought he had seen a sceptre. And so it is that such as you take in the young fellows. So listen to me. But stay, girl! No—go! but not to a nunnery where two pairs of slippers be at the bedside. [*Exit.*

Take thefe againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeft.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordfhip?

Ham. That if you be honeft & faire, you fhould admit no difcourfe to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerfe
Then with honeftie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will fooner transforme honeftie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honeftie can tranflate beautie into his likenes, this was fometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue fo.

Ham. You fhould not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot fo enoculat our old ftock, but we fhall relifh of it, I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'ft thou be a breeder of finners, I am my felfe indifferent honeft, but yet I could accufe mee of fuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them fhape, or time to act them in: what fhould fuch fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be fhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houfe,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you fweet heauens.

Corambus. Is he not perfectly and veritably mad, my gracious Lord and King?

King. Corambus, leaue vs. When we have need of thee we will send for thee. [*Exit Corambus.*] We haue seen this madness and raving of the Prince's with wonder. But it seems to vs that this is not genuine madness, but, rather affectation of it. We must contriue that he be got rid of; otherwise harm may come of this sort of thing.

Ham. If thou dooſt marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaſt as yce, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wiſe men knowe well enough what monſters you make of them; to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your ſelfes another, you gig & ambel, and you liſt you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thoſe that are married alreadie,all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!
The Courtiers, ſouldiers, ſchollers, eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectation, and Roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all obſeruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt reiect and wretched,
That ſuckt the honny of his muſickt vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſoueraigne reaſon
Like ſweet bells iangled out of time, and harſh,
That vnmatcht forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extacie, o woe is mee
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene, ſee what I ſee. *Exit,*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he ſpeake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madness, there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
VVill be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination

Hamlet. It is better to haue all the properties. But pardon me and listen. You do not always haue the chance of hearing your critic's opinion of you. Some of them had silk stockings and white shoes, but black hats on their heads; and about as many feathers below as aboue. I think they must haue gone to bed with them for nightcaps. That's bad, but easily altered; and tell some of them that when they act the part of a king or a prince they should not leer when they pay compliments to ladies, or strut like peacocks or Spanish Hidalgos. Rank laughs at such things. Natural ease is the best. He who plays a king must fancy that during the play he is a king; and a peasant must be a peasant.

Carl. I take your Highness correction with humble respect. We will try to do better for the future.

Thus ſet it downe: he ſhall with ſpeede to *England,*
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke you on't?
Pol. It ſhall doe well.
But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia?*
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the care
Of all their conference, if ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.
King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madness in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vſe all gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, and as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, o it offends mee to the ſoule, to heare a robuſtious perwig-pated fellowe tere a paſſion to totters, to very rags,to ſpleet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the moſt part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe ſhowes, and noyſe: I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.
Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. My excellent friend Horatio, it is through this pretended madness that I hope for an opportunity of revenging my father's death. You know, however, that my father is always surrounded by guards. So it may miscarry. Should you chance to find my dead body, let it be honorably buried: for at the first occasion I will match myself against him.

Horatio. I entreat Your Highness to do no such thing. It may be that the Ghost has deceived you.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne diſcretion be your tutor, ſuite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance, that you ore-ſteppe not the modeſtie of nature: For any thing ſo ore-doone, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at the firſt, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to ſhow vertue her feature; ſcorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preſſure; Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeve, the cenſure of which one, muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others, O there be Players that I haue ſeene play, and heard others prayſd, and that highly, not to ſpeake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, haue ſo ſtrutted & bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie ſo abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thoſe that play your clownes ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that wil themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barraine ſpectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered, that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull ambition in the foole that vſes it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Roſencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. Will you two help to haſten the,

Roſ. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your ſeruice.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art een as iuſt a man.
As ere my conuerſation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haſt but thy good ſpirits

Hamlet. O no! his words were too plain. I cannot but beliene him. But what news is the fool bringing now?

Hamlet. Come, Horatio, I am going; and from this hour, all my thought shall be to find the King alone, that I may tase his life as he has taken my father's.

Horatio. My Lord, be prudent, lest you yourself should come to harm.

Hamlet. These actors come just in time. I will use them to test the Ghost; whether or no it has told the truth. I have seen a tragedy acted wherein one brother kills another in a garden; this they shall act. If the King change color, that will nerify what the Ghost says.

I shall, I must, I will reuenge the murderous fact.
If not by stratagem, I will break out in act.

To feede and clothe thee, why ſhould the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue licke abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; dooſt thou heare,
Since my deare ſoule was miſtris of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
S'hath ſeald thee for herſelfe, for thou haſt been
As one in ſuffring all that ſuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haſt tane with equall thanks; and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blood and iudgment are ſo well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe; giue me that man
That is not paſsions ſlaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it ſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we haue ſeene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face.
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well my Lord,
If a ſteale ought the whilſt this play is playing
And ſcape detected, I will play the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I muſt be idle,
Get you a place.

King. My most dear consort. I trust that you will now give over your sorrowing and let pleasure take its place. For there will now be before supper a comedy by the German actors, followed after supper by a grand ballet.

Queen. I shall be happy to witness these entertainments. But, as for myself, I am filled with a foreboding of something, I know not what, that approaches swiftly.

King. Be at peace. Prince Hamlet, we understand that some actors have arrived to present a comedy to vs this euening—is it not so?

Hamlet. Yes, father. They asked permission of me and I haue gaue it, and Your Majesty will, I trust, approve my acts.

King. What kind of a plot is it? There is nothing offensiue or vulgar in it, I hope.

Hamlet. The plot is a good one. It cannot effect vs whose consciences are not effected by it.

King. Well, where are they. Let them hasten. We will be glad to see what Germans can do.

Hamlet. Marshall—Let the actors begin as soon as they are ready.

King. How fares our cofin *Hamlet?*
Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions difh, I eate the ayre,
Promifcram'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.
King. I haue nothing with this aunfwer *Hamlet,*
Thefe words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'ith Vniuerfitie you fay,
Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar,* I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill fo capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?
Rof. I my Lord, they ftay vpon your patience.
Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet,* fit by me.
Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.
Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.
Ham. Lady fhall I lie in your lap?
Oph. No my Lord.
Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?
Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.
Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.
Oph. What is my Lord.
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry my Lord.
Ham. Who I?
Oph. I my Lord.
Ham. O God your onely ligge-maker, what fhould a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.
Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.
Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a fute of fables; o heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeere, but her Lady a muft build Churches then, or els fhall a fuffer

Here enter the play. The King and Queen enter lovingly together. He makes as if about to lie down to sleep and the Queen seems to beg him not to do so. He, however, lies down and presently falls asleep. After he is asleep the Queen kisses him—and exit. The King's brother enters, pours something into the King's ear from a small bottle—and exit.

not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for a, for o, the hobby-horſe is forgot.

The Trumpets ſounds. Dumbe ſhow followes:

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe upon a bancke of flowers, ſhe ſeeing him aſleepe, leaues him; anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kiſſes it, pours poyſon in the ſleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes a paſſionate action, the poyſner with ſome three or foure come in againe, ſeeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyſner wooes the Queene with gifts, ſhee ſeemes harſh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Mallico, it meanes miſchiefe.

Oph. Belike this ſhow imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this ſhow meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhow that you will ſhow him, be not you aſham'd to ſhow, heele not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your clemence,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the poſie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes ſalt waſh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie doſen Moones with borrowed ſheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties been
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in moſt ſacred bands.

Queen. So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are, ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you, yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you my Lord it nothing muſt.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is ſo,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee loue, and ſhortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt,
Such loue muſt needes be treaſon in my breſt,
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kild the firſt, *Ham.* That's wormwood
The inſtances that ſecond marriage moue
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of loue,
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſses me in bed.
King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you ſpeake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruits vnripe ſticks on the tree,
But fall vnſhaken when they mellow bee.
Moſt neceſsary tis that we forget
To pay our ſelues what to our ſelues is debt,
What to our ſelues in pasion we propoſe,

The paſsion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,
The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themſelues deſtroy,
Where ioy moſt reuels, griefe doth moſt lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on ſlender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,
That euen our loues ſhould with our fortunes change:
For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.

The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,
The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, ſhall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe ſo contrary runne,
That our deuiſes ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when they firſt Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me day and night,
To deſperation turne my truſt and hope,
And Anchors cheere in priſon be my ſcope,
Each oppoſite that blancks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it deſtroy,
Both heere and hence purſue me laſting ſtrife, *Ham.* If ſhe ſhould
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.
King. Tis deeply ſworne, ſweet leaue me heere a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleepe.
Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come miſchance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Hamlet. This is King Pyrrvs, who goes into the garden to ſleep. The Queen begs him not to do ſo, but neuertheleſs he lies down. The poor little wife goes away. See, there comes the brother of the King with jvice of Hebanon. He powrs it into the King's ear. Hebanon, as ſoon as it mixes with the blood of a man, kills him inſtantly.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth proteſt too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but ſhee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poyſon in ieſt, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Mouſetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther doone in *Vienna, Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista, you ſhall ſee anon, tis a knauiſh peece of worke,but what of that? your Maieſtie, and wee that haue free ſoules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your loue

If I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Conſiderat ſeaſon els no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blaſted, thrice inuected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholſome life vſurps immediately.

Ham. A' poyſons him i'th Garden for his eſtate, his names *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

King. Torches, lanterns, here! The play does not please me.

Cov. Pages, attendants! light the torches. The King desires to depart. Hurry, light those lights. The actors have made a bad mess of things.

Exeunt *King*, Queen, Corambis and the Court.

Hamlet (mocking): Torches here! The play does not please us! Now you see the ghost did not lie to me! Horatio! Now Actors you can take your leave. The King was displeased, it seems, before you had concluded the piece, but we are entirely satisfied, and Horatio will pay you your earnings just the same.

Carl. We thank you, and desire that our passports be given us.

[*Exeunt the Actors.*

Hamlet. You shall have them. Now I can proceed with my revenge confidently. Did you see how the King changed color when he perceived the drift of the play?

Horatio. Yes, Your Highness. I regard the proof as conclusive!

Hamlet. And so my father was murdered, just as the play describes. But I will be quits with the murderer.

Cor. The actors will get a poor reward for their acting has intensely displeased the King.

Ham. The worse they are rewarded by the King, the better they will be rewarded by Heaven.

Corambus. Your Highness, do actors really get into Heaven?

Hamlet. Think you, you old fool, that they won't find a corner there? Be off, and treat them well.

Quee. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Giue ore the play.
King. Giue me ſome light, away.
Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*
Ham. Why let the ſtrooken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For ſome muſt watch while ſome muſt ſleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this ſir & forreſt of feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roſes on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players?
Hora. Halfe a ſhare.
Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dooſt know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme diſmantled was
Of *Ioue* himſelfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.
Hora. You might haue rym'd.
Ham. O good *Horatio,* Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue?
Hora. Very well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyſning.
Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come ſome muſique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, ſome muſique.
Enter Roſencraus and Guyldenstern.

Guyl. Good my Lord, voutſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole hiſtorie.

Guyl. The King ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruilous diſtempred.

Ham. With drinke ſir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wiſdome ſhould ſhewe it ſelfe more richer to ſignifie this to the Doctor, for for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame,
And ſtare not ſo wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame ſir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curteſie is not of the right breede, if it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome aunſwere, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, ſhall be the end of buſines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Roſ. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwer, my wits diſeaſd,but ſir,ſuch anſwere as I can make, you ſhall command or rather as you ſay, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you ſay.

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſayes, your behauiour hath ſtrooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſonne that can ſo ſtonish a mother, but is there no ſequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Roſ. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and ſteallers.

Rof. Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftemper, you do furely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduauncement.

Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himfelfe for your fucceſsion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I fir, but while the graffe growes, the prouerbe is fomething mufty, o the Recorders, let mee fee one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vndertand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe befeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eafie as lying; gouerne thefe ventages with your fingers, & the vmber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil difcourfe moft eloquent mufique, looke you, thefe are the ftops.

Guil. But thefe cannot I command to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would feeme to know my ftops, you would plucke out the hart of my miftery, you would found mee from my loweft note to my compaffe and there is much mufique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it fpeak, s'hloud do you think I am eafier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what inftrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you fir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would fpeake with you, & prefently.

Ham. Do you fee yonder clowd that's almoft in fhape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th maffe and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.
Ham. Or like a Whale.
Pol. Very like a Whale.
Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazerd so neer's as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.
Guyl. We will our selues provide.
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon you Maiestie,
Ros. The single and peculier life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie

An altar in a Temple. King. Now begins my conſcience to awaken; the remorſe for my treachery ſtings deep. It is time that I turn to repentance, and confeſs to Heaven my crime. I fear my guilt is too great for forgiueneſs. But I will pray to the Gods fervently to forgiue my grieuous ſins. [*Kneels before the altar.*

Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a maſsie wheele
Fixt on the ſommet of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe hough ſpokes, tenne thouſand leſſer things
Are morteiſt and adioynd, which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment petty conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King ſigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray to this ſpeedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Roſ. We will haſt vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my ſelfe.
To heare the proceſſe, I'le warrant ſhee'le tax him home,
And as you sayd, and wiſely was it ſayd,
Tis meete that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong entent,
And like a man to double buſines bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt beginne,
And both neglect, what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood
Is there not raine enough in the ſweete Heauens
To waſh it white as ſnowe, whereto ſerues mercy
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,

Thvs long haue I followed the damned dog, and now I haue found him. Now is the time, when he is alone. I will take his life while—— [*makes motion to stab him*]. But no. I will first let him finish his prayer. Ha, when I think of it, he did not giue my father time for prayer, but sent him to Hell sleeping and, perhaps, in his sins. Therefore will I send him to the same place [*again offers to run him through from behind*]. But hold, Hamlet. Why shouldst thou take his sins vpon thee? I will let him end his prayer, and escape this time, and giue him his life: at some other time I will haue my full reuenge. [*Exit.*

King. My conscience is somewhat lightened; but still the dog lies gnawing at my heart. Now will I go hence, and with fastings and alms and feruent prayers reconcile the Highest. Cursed ambition, to what hast thou brought me! [*Exit.*

To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then Ple looke vp.
My fault is paſt, but oh what forme of prayer
Can ſerue my turne, forgiue me my ſoule murther,
That cannot be ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may ſhowe by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhufling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what reſts,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, o boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make aſſay,
Bowe ſtubborne knees, and hart with ſtrings of ſteale,
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuendge, that would be ſcand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſoune, doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſly full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtand who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,

Queen. Corambus, say, how is it with my son, Prince Hamlet? Does his madness at all relax, or will his raving never end?

Corambus. No, alas! Your Majesty, he is just as mad as ever.

Horatio. Most gracious Queen, Prince Hamlet is in the antechamber, and craves a private audience.

Queen. He is very dear to us; so let him come in at once.

Horatio. It shall be done, Your Majesty. [*Exit.*

Queen. Corambus, hide yourself behind the tapestry till we call you.

Corambus. Ay, ay, your Majesty, I will. [*Hides himself.*

Hamlet. Mother, did you know your late husband well?

Queen. Ah, remind me not of my former grief. I cannot but weep when I think of it.

Hamlet. Weep! Leave off weeping. They are but crocodile's tears.

Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged,
To take him in the purging of his foule,
When he is fit and feafoned for his paffage ?
No.
Vp fword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, afleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceftious pleafure of his bed,
At game a fwearing, or about fome act
That has no relifh of faluation in't,
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his foule may be as damned and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ftaies,
This phifick but prolongs thy fickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ftrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath fcreend and ftood between
Much heate and him, Ile filence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not.
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. *Hamlet,* thou haft thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you anfwere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you queftion with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not fo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not fo, you are my mother.

Bvt see. Yonder in that gallery hangs the counterfeit of your first husband, and there hangs the counterfeit of your present. What thinkest thou? Which is the nobler of the two? Is not the first a majestic nobleman?

Queen. He is, indeed. That is true.

Hamlet. And yet thou hast so soon forgotten him. Fie, for shame! You haue almost on the same day the burial and the betrothal. Bvt, hush; are all the doors locked?

Queen. Why do you ask? [*Corambus coughs behind the tapestry.*

Hamlet. Who is that who is listening to vs? [*Stabs him.*

Corambus. Woe is me, O Prince. What hast thou done? I am killed.

Queen. O Heauens! my son, what haue you done? It is Corambus, the Chamberlain.

Ger. Nay then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge.
You goe not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.
Pol. What how helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

Ger. O what a raſh and bloody deede is this.
Ham. A bloody deede, almoſt as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and mary with his brother.
Ger. As kill a King.
Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie is ſome danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace ſit you downe,
And let we wring your hart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penitrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome haue not braſd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwark againſt ſence.
Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wagge thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Roſe
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes marriage vowes
As falſe as dicers oathes, o ſuch a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks

The very ſoule, and ſweet religion makes
A rapſedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Are this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome
Is thought ſick at the act
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares ſo low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was ſeated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himſelfe,
An eye like *Mars,* to threaten and command,
A ſtation like the herald *Mercury,*
New lighted on a heaue, a kiſsing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale
To giue the world aſſurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes.
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blaſting his wholſome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the iudgment, and what iudgment
Would ſtep from this to this, ſense ſure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but ſure that ſence
Is appoplext, for madneſſe would not erre
Nor ſence to extacie was nere ſo thral'd
But it reſeru'd ſome quantity of choiſe
To ſerue in ſuch a difference, what deuill waſt
That thus hath coſund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight.
Eares without hands, or eyes, ſmelling ſance all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſence
Could not ſo mope: o ſhame where is thy bluſh?
Rebellious hell,

Ghost passes across the stage. [*Thunder and lightning.*]

Hamlet. Ah, noble spirit of my father, stay. What would'st thou? Crieſt thou ſtill to be reuenged? Thou ſhalt be at the right time.

Queen. How is it with you? Who are you talking to?

Hamlet. Seeſt thou not the spirit of thy departed husband? See, he beckons as if he would speak to you.

Queen. Alas! I see nothing.

If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no ſhame
When the compulſiue ardure giues the charge,
Since froſt it ſelfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reaſon pardons will.
Ger. O *Hamlet* ſpeake no more,
Thou turnſt my very eyes into my ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and greeued ſpots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.
Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck ſweat of an inſeemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the naſty ſtie.
Ger. O ſpeake to me no more,
Theſe words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more ſweete *Hamlet.*
Ham. A murther and a villaine,
A ſlaue that is not twentieth part the kyth.
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,

A cut-purſe of the Empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.
Ger. No more.
Enter Ghoſt.
Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?
Ger. Alas hee's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy ſonne to chide,
That lap'ſt in time and paſsion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, o ſay,

Hamlet. I beliene you see nothing, for you are no longer worthy to look on his form. Fie, for shame? Not one word more will I say to you. [*Exit.*

Queen (*alone*). O God! what madness has this melancholy brought upon the Prince? Alas, my own son has totally lost his senses. And, alas! alas! I am much to blame. Had I not wedded my brother-in-law, my first husband's brother, I had not robbed my son of the crown

Ghoſt. Doe not forget, this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe,
But looke, amazement on thy mother ſits,
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting ſoule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Ger. Alas how i'ſt with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold diſcourſe,
Foorth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping ſouldiers in the alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and ſtand an end, o gentle ſonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioynd, preaching to ſtones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pittious action you conuert
My ſtearne effect, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, tears perchance for blood.
Ger. To whom doe you ſpeake this?
Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No nothing but our ſelues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he lieud,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation extacie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temporarily keepe time.
And makes as healthfull muſicke, it is not madneſſe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the teſt,
And the matter will reword, which madneſſe
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnſeene, confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet* thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.
Ham. O throwe away the worſer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Aſſiune a vertue if you haue it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the uſe of actions fair and good,
He likewiſe giues a frock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of easines
To the next abſtinence, the next more easie:
For vſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wondrous potency: once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſsing beg of you, for this ſame Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleaſd it ſo
To puniſh me with this, and this with me.
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter,
I will beſtowe him and will anſwere well

of Denmark. But when a thing is done what can we? Nothing. Matters must stand as they are. If the Pope had not allowed the marriage it would never have taken place. I will go hence, and do my best to restore my son to his former sense and health.

The death I gaue him; ſo againe good night
I muſt be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worſe remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.
Ger. What ſhall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiſſes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make your to rouell all this matter out
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe ſo,
No, in diſpight of ſence and ſecrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houſes top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſayd to me.
Ham. I muſt to *England,* you knowe that.
Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters ſeald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will truſt as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they muſt ſweep my way
And marſhall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the ſport to haue the enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: o tis moſt ſweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This man ſhall ſet me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counſayler
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue,
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you,
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, and Queene, with Roſencrans and Guyldensterne

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues,
You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we underſtand them,
Where is your ſonne?

Ger. Beſtow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King. What *Gertrard,* how dooes *Hamlet?*

Ger. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing ſome thing ſtirre,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene ſo with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtraind, and out of haunt
Thic mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like ſome ore
Among a mineraſl of mettals baſe,
Showes it ſelfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard,* come away,
The ſunne no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vile deede
We muſt with all our Maieſtie and skill *Enter Roſ. & Guild*
Both countenaunce and excuſe. Ho *Guyldensterne,*
Friends both, goe ioyne you with ſome further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe ſeeke him out ſpeake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrard,* wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whats vntimely doone,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Tranſports his poyſned ſhot, may miſſe our Name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, o come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus and others.

Ham. Safely ſtowd, but ſoft, what noyſe, who calls on *Hamlet*? O heere they come.

Roſ. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duſt whereto tis kin.

Roſ. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeue it.

Roſ. Beleeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counſaile & not mine owne beſides to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what replycation ſhould be made by the ſonne of a King.

Roſ. Take you me for a ſunge my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards,his authorities, but ſuch Officers doe the King beſt ſervice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſ. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

King. Where is the body of Corambvs? Has it not yet been remoued?

Horatio. He is still lying in the place where he was stabbed throvgh.

King. It grieues vs that he has lost his life so suddenly. Go, let it be taken away. Let it be nobly bvried. Oh, Prince Hamlet, what hast thov done to stab an old and harmless man! It grieues vs to ovr heart; bvt as it has been done unwittingly, this mvrder is in some degree excvsable. I fear, however, that when it gets known among the nobles, they will raise a rebellion among my svbjects; and then they may reuenge his death on yov. However, in ovr fatherlike care for yov, we haue deuised a plan to ward off this danger from yov.

Hamlet. I am sorry for it, my Lord Vncle and Father. I had wished to say something in prinate to the Qveen, when he lay in wait for me as a spy. I did not, however, know that it was this silly old fool. Bvt how wovld yovr Majesty haue vs do?

King. We haue resolued to send yov to England becavse the English Crown is friendly to ovr own. Yov can there refresh yovrself for awhile, since the air there is better than ovrs and may promote yovr recouery. We will gine yov some of ovr own attendants, who shall accompany yov and serue yov faithfvlly.

Hamlet. Ay, ay, King, send me off to Portvgal; so that I may neuer come back again. That's the better plan.

King. No, not to Portvgal, bvt to England; and those two shall accompany yov on the jovrney. Bvt when yov arrine in England yov shall haue more attendants.

Hamlet. Those are the lackeys, are they? Nice fellows!

King [*apart to the two attendants*].

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a foolish eare.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe,
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multitude,
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis ſo, th' offenders ſcourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all ſmooth and euen,
This ſuddaine ſending him away muſt ſeeme
Deliebrate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperat growne,
By deſperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtowed my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Roſ. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſ. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet,* where's *Polonius?*

King. Now *Hamlet* where's *Polonious?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certainte conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our ſelues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable ſeruice, two diſhes but to one table, that's the end,

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fiſh that hath fedde of that worme.

King. *King.* VVhat dooſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may goe a progreſſe through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heauen, ſend thether to ſee, if your meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you goe vp the ſtayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe ſeeke him there.

Ham. A will ſtay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine eſpeciall ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'aſſociats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England.*

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub that ſees the, but come for *England.*
Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one fleſh, ſo my mother:
Come for *England.* *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote.
Tempt him with ſpeede abord,

Listen, you two. As soon as you haue reached England do as I haue ordered you. Get a sword or a pistol each and take his life. But should this attempt miscarry, take this letter and present it along with the Prince to the place for which it is addressed. There he will be so well looked to that he will neuer come back from England again. But in this point vse secrecy. Reueal your business to no one. You shall receiue your reward when you return.

Hamlet. Well, Your Majesty, who are they, then, that are to bear me company?

King. These two. The Gods be with you; and giue you a fair wind for your destination.

Hamlet. Now adieu, Lady Mother.

King. How is this, Prince? why do you call me Mother?

Hamlet. Man and wife are one flesh. Father or Mother—it is all the same to me.

King. Well! fare thee well. Heauen attend you. [*Exit.*

Hamlet. Now, you noble flunkeys, are you to be my companions?

Both. We are, my Lord.

Hamlet. Come, then, my noble comrades, let vs be off for England. [*Exeunt.*

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is ſeald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haſt,
And *England*, if my loue thou hold'ſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Daniſh ſword and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayſt not coldly ſet
Our ſoueraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Army over the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King.
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craues the conueyance of a promiſed march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous
If that his Maieſtie would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.
Cap. I will doo't my Lord.
For. Goe ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?
Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.
Ham. How purpoſed ſir I pray you?
Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.
Ham. Who commaunds them ſir?
Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway, Fortenbraſſe*.
Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for ſome frontire?
Cap. Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

Jens. It is so long since I went to Covrt to pay my taxes. I am afraid that, go where I may, I shall be put in jail. I wish I could only find some good friend who would speak a good word for me, so that I might get off.

Phantasmo. There are strange goings-on at Covrt. Prince Hamlet is mad and Ophelia is mad too. In short, things go on so very queerly that I am almost ready to run away.

Jens. By all that's holy, there is my good old friend Phantasmo. No better man could I hit upon. I will ask him to say a good word for me. Holla! Master Phantasmo!

Phantasmo. Thanks! What can I do for you, Mister Clodhopper?

Jens. Ah, my good Master Phantasmo, 'tis a long time since I was at Covrt, and I am a long way behind-hand. Put in a good word for me, and I will send you an excellent cheese.

Phantasmo. What! Dost thou think, Master Clown, that I get nothing to eat at Covrt?

That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, ſhould it beſold in fee.
Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.
Ham. Two thouſand ſoules, & twenty thouſand duckets
VVill not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw
This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and ſhowes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Cap. God buy you ſir.
Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?
Ham. Ile be with you ſtraight, goe a little before.
How all occaſions doe informe againſt me,
And ſpur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleepe and feede, a beaſt, no more:
Sure he that made vs with ſuch large diſcourſe
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reaſon
To fuſt in vs vnvſd, now whether it be
Beſtial obliuion, or ſome crauen ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wiſdom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cauſe, and will, and strength and meanes,
To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the inviſible euent,
Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-ſhell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to ſtirre without great argument,

Jens. O kind Master Phantasmo, pray do not forget me!

Phantasmo. Come along, Clodhopper. We'll see if we can put you right at the tax collector's. [*Exeunt.*

Ophelia. I run and run and cannot find my sweetheart. He has sent to me come to him. We are to be married; and I am dressed for it already. But there he is, my Lone! Oh, my lambkin! I have sought you everywhere; everywhere have I sought you. But think, the tailor has spoilt my muslin gown. See, there is a pretty flower for you, my Heart!

Phantasmo. Oh, the Devil! I wish she were away. She takes me for her sweetheart.

Ophelia. What sayest thou, my Lone? We will go to bed together. I will wash you quite clean.

Phantasmo. Aye, aye; I'll soap you and wash you and wring you out too.

Ophelia. Hark, my Lone, hast thou already put on your fine suit? Aye. That is well made; quite in the latest style.

Phantasmo. I know that without—

Ophelia. Alack, alack! I had nearly forgotten. The King has invited me to supper, and I must make haste. My coach! my coach! [*Exit.*

Phantasmo. O Hecate, thou Queen of witches, how glad I am that mad thing is off. If she had stayed any longer I should have been may myself. I must get away before the madwoman comes again.

But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
When honour's at the ſtake, how ſtand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother ſtaind,
Excytements of my reaſon, and my blood,
And let all ſleepe, while to my ſhame I ſee
The iminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tombe enough, and continent
To hide the ſlain, o from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. Exit.

Enter Horatio Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her,
Gent. Shee is importunat,
Indeede diſtract, her moode will needes be pittied.
Quee. What would ſhe haue?
Gent. She ſpeakes much of her father, ſayes ſhe heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurns enuiouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeakes things in doubt
That carry but half ſence, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.
Hora. Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhee may ſtrew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my ficke ſoule, as finnes true nature is,
'Each toy teemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe,
'So full of artleſe iealousie is guilt,
'It ſpills its ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpylt.
Oph. Where is the beautious Maieſtie of Denmarke?
Quee. How now *Ophelia?* *ſhe ſings.*

Phantasmo. Going or standing, that daft maiden, that Ophelia, is after me at every corner. I can get no peace. She says I am her loner; and I am not. If I could but hide myself somewhere where she could not find.

Ophelia. Where is my sweetheart? The rogue will not stay with me. Ever away—but see, there he is! Listen, my Lone, I have been with the priest, and he will marry us this very day. I have made all ready for the wedding—chicken, hares, meat, butter, and cheese—all bought. There is nothing now wanting but the musicians to play us to bed.

Phantasmo. I can only say Yes. Come, then, let's go to bed together.

Ophelia. No, no, my puppet, we must first go with one another to Church, and then we'll eat and drink and dance; that we will. We will be right merry!

Phantasmo. Aye, aye, right merry; three eating out of one dish.

Ophelia. What do you say? If you won't have me, I'll not have you [*strikes him*]. Look yonder! That's my Lone there. He is making signs to me. See what a fine suit of clothes he has. See, he is enticing me to him. He will throw me a lily and a rose. He will take me in his arms. He is making signs to me. I am coming; I am coming. [*Exit.*

Phantasmo. At close quarters she is simple, and at a fair distance she's downright mad. I wish she was hanged and then the carrion could not run after me so. [*Exit.*

Oph. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sendall ſhoone
Quee. Alas ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong
Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſtgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.
Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*
Oph. Pray you marke. White his ſhrowd as the mountaine snow.
Enter King.
Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.
Oph. Larded all with ſweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go. *Song.*
With true loue flowers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?
Oph. Well good dild you, they ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.
Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it means, ſay you this
To morrow is S. Valentines day. *Song.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayde at your window
To be your valentine.
Then vp he roſe, and dond his clothes and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Oph. Indeede, without an oath Ile make an end on't.
By gis and by Saint Chartie,
alack and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth ſhe, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,
(He anſwers.) So would I a done by yonder funne
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weep to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſaile. Come my Coach. God night Ladies, god night.

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyſon of deep griefe, it ſprings all from her Fathers death, and now behold a *Gertrard, Gertrard.*
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpyes,
But in battalians; first her Father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholſome in thoughts, and whipers
For good *Polonius* death: and we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: Poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herſelf, and her fair iudgment,
VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beaſt,
Laſt, and as much contayning as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from Fraunce,

King. We wish to find out how it goes with our son, Prince Hamlet, and whether the men whom we sent with him fellow-travellers have dealt honorably with him, even as we commanded.

Phantasmo. News, Mister King! Fresh news!

King. What is it, Phantasmo?

Phantasmo. Leonhardus has come home from France.

King. That pleases us. Let him present himself.

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himſelfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his care
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: o my deare *Gertrard,* this
Like to a murdring peece in many places.
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A Noiſe within*

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiſſers, let them guard the doore.
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Saue yourſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his lift
Eares not the flats with more impitious haſt.
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be King.
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
O this is counter your falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs ſtand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, o thou vile King.
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaims me Baſtard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen here betweene the chaſt vnsmirched browe

Of my true mother.
King. VVhat is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo gyant like?

Let him goe *Gertrard,* doe not feare our perſon,
There's ſuch diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peepe to what it would
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenſt let him goe *Gertrard.*
Speake man.
Laer Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Quee. But not by him.
King Let him demaund his fill.
Laer. How came he dead, I'l not be iugled with
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeſt deuill,
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I ſtand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'le be reueng'd,
Moſt thoroughly for my father,
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And for my meanes I'le husband them ſo well,
They ſhall goe farre with little,
King. Good *Laertes,* if you desire to know the certainty.
Of your deere Father, i'ſt writ in your reuenge,
That ſoopſtake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looſer.
Laer. None but his enemies,
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes ,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican.
Repaſt them with my blood.

Leonhardvs. My gracious Lord and King, I demand of Your Majesty either my father or reuenge for his terrible murder. If this be not forthcoming I shall forget that you are King, and myself take my own reuenge on the murderer.

King. Leonhardus, be satisfied that we are guiltless of your father's death. Prince Hamlet assassinated him behind the hangings, but we will see that he is punished for the deed.

Leonhardvs. As Your Majesty is guiltless of my father's death, I fall on my knees and beg for pardon. My anger as well as loue for my father so ouercame me that I knew not what I did.

King. You are forginen. We can easily beliene that it touches you nearly to haue lost your father so miserably. But rest satisfied— you shall find a father in ourselues.

Leonhardvs. I thank you for this great act of royal kindness.

Qveen. Gracious Lord and King, dearest husband, I bring you bad news.

King. What is it, my dearest soul?

Qveen. My fauorite maid-of-honour, Ophelia, runs up and down, and cries and screams, and eats nothing and drinks nothing. They say she has quite lost her wits.

King. Alas! one hears nothing else but sad and unhappy news.

Ophelia. See! there! you haue a flower; and you; and you. [*Giues each a flower.*] But what, what had I all but forgotten? I must run quick. I haue forgotten my jewels. Ah, my diadem. I must go at once to the Court jeweller, and ask what new fashions he has got. So, so; lay out the table quickly. I shall soon be back. [*Runs off.*

King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,
That I am guiltleſſe of your fathers death.
And am moſt ſencible in griefs for it
It ſhall as leuvell to your judgment peare
As day dooes to your eye *A noyse within.*

Enter Ophilia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyſe is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares ſeauen times ſalt
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be payd with weight
Tell our ſcale turne the beame, O. Roſe of May
Deere mayd, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia,*
O heauens, ift poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.
Oph. They bore him bare-faſte on the Beere. *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue
Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwardereuenge
It could not mooue thus.
Oph. You muſt ſing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it.
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maiſters daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more then matter.
Oph. There's Roſemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for

Leonhardvs. Am I, then, born to miseries of all sorts? My father is dead; my sister is mad. My heart is bursting with grief.

King. Leonhardvs, be satisfied: you shall lie first in our favour. But do you, dearest Queen, please to walk within with vs, for we haue secret tidings to reveal to you alone. Leonhardvs, forget not what we haue said to you.

Queen. My King, we must think of something by which this vnfortvnate maiden may be restored to her senses.

King. Let the case be laid before our own physician. But you, Leonhardvs, follow vs.

you, & heere's ſome for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies, you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they withered all when my Father dyed, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come again, *Song.*
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercy on his ſoule, and of all Chriſtians ſoules,
God by you.

Laer. Doe you this o God.

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No trophe ſword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Letters.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine
Purſued my life.

Hamlet. There's a pleasant place here on this island. We'll rest here awhile, and dine. There's a pleasant wood and cool stream of water. So bring me of the best from the ship; for here we'll enjoy ourselves.

First Ruffian. My Lord and Grace, this is no time for eating; for from this island you will never depart. Here is the spot which is chosen for your burial-ground.

Hamlet. What sayest thou, base slave? Knowest thou who I am? Would you pass jests on a Prince Royal? However, for this time, I forgive you.

Second Ruffian. It is no jest. It is downright earnest.

Hamlet. Why this? What injury have I ever done you? For my part I can think of none. Why, then, such bad intentions?

First Ruffian. It is our orders from the King, as soon as we get Your Highness on this island we are to take your life.

Hamlet. My dear friends, spare my life. Say that you have done your work; and so long as I live I will never come in sight of the King. Think well whether you do yourselves good by having on your hands the blood of an innocent Prince. Will you stain your consciences with my sins? Alas, that in an evil hour like this I have no weapon! If I had but something in my hands—

[*Makes an attempt to seize a sword.*

Second Ruffian. Holla, comrade! Look out for your weapon.

First Ruffian. I'll look out. Now, Prince, prepare yourself. We have no time to lose.

Hamlet. Since it cannot be otherwise, and I must die at your hands at the bidding of a tyrannical King, I must submit, although I have done no wrong. And you, driven to the deed by poverty, I willingly forgive. My blood, however, must be answered for by the fratricide and parricide at the great day of judgment.

First Ruffian. What have we to do with the day of judgment? To-day is the day for our business.

Second Ruffian. True, brother! Let us get to work. Let us fire; you from one side and I on the other.

Hamlet. Hear me but for one word. Even the very worst of criminals would not be denied a time to repent in. I pray you, then, an innocent Prince as I am, to let me address to my Maker an earnest

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleſſe you ſir.

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee to.

Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a Letter for you ſir, it came fro th'Embaſſador that was bound for *England,* if your name be *Horatio,* as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio,* when thou ſhalt haue ouer lookt this, giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſant they got cleere of our ſhyp, ſo I alone became theyr priſoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repayre thou to me with as much ſpeede as thou wouldeſt flie death, I haue wordes to ſpeake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, theſe good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Roſencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr courſe for *England,* of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for theſe your letters,
And doo't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

prayer; after this I am ready to die. But I will make a sign. I will turn my hands toward Heauen, and the moment I stretch out my arms you can fire. One of you aim on one side, and the other on the other; and when I say "Fire," gine me what I need. Be sure to hit me so that I shall not suffer long.

Second Ruffian. Well, we may do as much as this for you; so go on.

Hamlet [*separates his hands from one another*]. Fire. [*Throws himself forward between the two, who shoot one another.*] O just Heauen, I thank you for this heauenly idea, and I will always reuerence the guardian angel who through this happy thought has saued my life! These wretches haue only what is due them. Ha! the dogs still moue; they haue shot one another, but I will gine the last stroke to my reuenge, and make sure: else the rogues may escape [*stabs them with their own swords*]. Now will I see whether they haue any secret with them. This one has nothing. On this murderer, howeuer, I find a letter which I will make free to read. This letter is written to an arch-murderer in England, that, in case this attempt fail, they should make me ouer to him, and he would just blow out the light of my life. The Gods stand by the just. Now will I return, to the terror of my father. But I will not trust any longer to water, for who knows but what the ship's captain may be a villain, too. I will go to the first station and take post. The sailors I will order back to Denmark. These rascals, howeuer, I will throw into the water. [*Exit.*

Phantasmo. Uncle, King, more news still!

King. What is your latest news?

Phantasmo. Prince Hamlet has come back.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not againſt theſe feates
So criminal and ſo capitall in nature,
As by your ſafetie, greatnes, wiſdome, all things els
You mainely were ſtirr'd vp.
King. O for two ſpeciall reaſons
Which may to you perhaps ſeeme much vnſinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha'r ſtrong, the Queene his mother
Liues almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concliue to my life and ſoule,
That as the ſtarre mooues not but in his ſphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, ſo that my arrowes
Too ſlightly tymbered for ſo loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.
Laer. And ſo haue I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driuen into deſprat termes,
Whoſe worth, if prayſes may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your ſleepes for that, you muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime, you ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our ſelfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Meſſenger with Letters.

Meſſen. Theſe to your Maieſtie, this to the Queene;
King. From Hamlet, who brought them?
Meſſ. Saylers my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not,

King. The Deuil you mean, not Prince Hamlet.

Phantasmo. I mean Prince Hamlet, not the Deuil.

King. Leonhardus, hear! Now you can auenge your father's death, since the Prince has returned: but you must promise on your oath not to reueal it to any one.

Phantasmo. Doubt me not, Your Majesty. That which Your Majesty reueals shall be kept as silent as if spoken to a stone.

King. We will get up a fencing-match between you and him. You shall fence with foils. The one who makes the first three hits wins a Neapolitan horse. But in the midst of the fencing let your foil drop, and take up instead of it an unblunted weapon, which shall be made exactly like the foil and be ready to your hand. This you anoint with a strong poison: and as soon as you shall haue wounded him he will die. So will you win both the prize and the King's fauor.

Leonhardus. Your Majesty must excuse me. The Prince is a good fencer; he might turn my own weapon against me.

King. Leonhardus, don't hesitate to please your King and reuenge your father. As your fathers murderer the Prince deserues such a death. We, howeuer, cannot enforce the law against him, for his lady mother is a Queen, and my subjects loue him much. Did we openly auenge ourselues, there might easily be a rebellion. To shun him both as stepson and kinsman is only an act of righteous justice; for he is murderous and mad, and we must for the future, euen on our account, be afraid of such a wicked man. Do then what we desire, and reliene your King of his fears, and yourself take, in secret, a reuenge for your father's murder.

Leonhardus. It is a hard matter and one which I scarcely like: for should the matter get known, it would certainly cost me my life.

King. Do not hesitate. Should this fail we haue thought of another trick. We will haue an eastern diamond powdered fine, and

They were giuen me by *Claudio,* he receiued them
Of him that brought them.
King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your kingdom. to morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your kingly eyes, when I ſhal firſt asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occaſion of my ſuddaine returne.
King. What ſhould this meane, are all the reſt come backe,
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. Tis *Hamlets* caracter. Naked,
And in a poſtſcript heere he ſayes alone,
Can you deuiſe me?
Laer. I am loſt in it my Lord but let him come,
It warmes the very ſicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didſt thou.
King. If it be ſo *Laertes,*
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuiſe,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accedent.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuiſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of ſince your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they ſay you ſhine, your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch enuie from him

As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieſt ſiedge.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe liuery that it weares
Then fetled age, his ſables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months ſince
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*.
I haue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they can well on horſebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his ſeate,
And to ſuch wondrous dooing brought his horſe,
As had he beene incorp'ſt, and demy natur'd
With the braue beaſt, ſo farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman waſt?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.
King. He made confeſsion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cride out t'would be a ſight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
If you oppoſd them; ſir this report of his
Did Hamlet ſo enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and beg
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with you
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a ſorrowe,
A face without a hart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or ſnufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes ſtill,
For goodnes growing to a pluriſie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We ſhould doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this ſhould is like a ſpend thrifts ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To ſhowe your ſelfe indeede your fathers ſonne
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.
King. No place indeede ſhould murther ſanctuariſe,
Reuendge ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, ſhall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruſe the foyles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword vnbated, and in a pace of practiſe
Requite him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpoſe, Ile annoynt my ſword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck

when he is heated present it to him in a beaker mixed with wine and sugar. So shall he drink his death to our healths.

Leonhardus. Well, then, Your Highness, under this safeguard, I'll do the deed.

Hamlet. Unhappy Prince! how much longer shalt thou know no peace. How long, O just Nemesis! before you haue sharpened your just sword of vengeance for my fratricide vncle? Hither haue I come again, yet I cannot obtain my reuenge. The fratricide is surrounded by so many people. But I swear that, before the sun has again made his journey from east to west, I will work my reuenge on him.

So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme of rare,
Collected from all ſimples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape if this ſhould fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aſtayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or ſecond that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe; ſoft let me ſee,
Wee'le make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefared him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chaunce eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; but ſtay, what noyſe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow; your Siſters drownd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd, o where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes aſcaunt the Brooke
That ſhowes his hory leaues in the glaſſy ſtreame,
Therewith fantaſtique garlands did ſhe make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daiſies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

Clambring to hang, an enuious ſliuer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her ſelfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes ſpred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then ſhe is drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia,*
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will, when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a ſpeech of fire that faine would blaſe,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard,*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is ſhee to be buried in Chriſtian buriall, when ſhe wilfully ſeekes her owne ſaluation?

Other. I tell thee ſhe is, therefore make her graue ſtraight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnleſſe ſhe drown'd herſelfe in her own defence.

Other. Why tis found ſo.

Clowne. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poyant, if I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; ſhe drowned her ſelfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here ſtands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himſelfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i'ſt. Crowners queſt law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould haue been buried out a chriſtian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou ſayſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theſelues, more then theyr euen Chriſten: Come my ſpade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profeſsion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the firſt that euer bore Armes.

Ile put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds ſtronger then eyther the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thouſand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to thoſe that do ill, nowe thou dooſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who buildes ſtronger then a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maſſe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull aſſe wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this queſtion next, ſay a graue-maker, the houſes hee makes laſts till Doomeſday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a ſoope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*
Me thought it was very ſweet
To contract o the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his buſines? a ſings in graue-making

Hora. Cuſtome hath made it in him a propertie of eaſines.

Ham. Tis een ſo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier (ſence

Clow. But age with his ſtealing ſteppes *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been ſuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once, how the knaue ioweles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the firſt murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this aſſe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay good morrow ſweet lord, how dooſt thout ſweet lord? This might be my Lord ſuch a one, that praiſed my lord ſuch a ones horſe when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een fo, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maffene with a Sextons fpade; heeres fine reuolution and we had the tricke to fee't, did thefe bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a fpade a fpade. *Song.*

for and a fhrowding fheet
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for fuch a gueft is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quilities, his cafes, his tenures, and his tricks? why dooes he fuffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the fconce with a durtie fhouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum. this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognifances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchafes & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will fcarcely lye in this box, & muft th'inheritor himfelfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchmont made of fheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which feeke out affurance in that, I wil fpeak to this fellow. Whofe graue's this firra?

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeft in't.

Clow. You lie out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours! for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dooft lie in't to be in't & fay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dooft thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man fir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is, we muſt ſpeake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio,* this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant coms ſo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haſt thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our laſt king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbraſſe.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very dry that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and ſent into *England.*

Ham. I marry why was he ſent into *England?*

Clow. Why becauſe a was mad: a ſhall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be ſeene in him there, there the men are as mad (as hee.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexton heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſom eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Reniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke,* I knew him *Horatio,* a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and noſ how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lyppes that I haue kiſt I know not how oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopſalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

Hora. Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes wee may returne *Horatio?* Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander,* till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hor. Twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not ſtoppe a Beare-barrell?

Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter, K. Q.*
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Laertes and*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *the corſe.*
The corſe they follow, did with deſprat hand

Foredoo it owne life, twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.
Laer. What Ceremonie els?
Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.
Laer. What Ceremonie els?
Doct. Her obſequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified been lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.
Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?
Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.
Laer. Lay her i'th earth.
And from her faire and vupolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.
Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia.*
Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'ſt haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I though thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet maide,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.
Laer. O treble woe
Fall tenne times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deede thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyeſh head

Of blew *Olympus.*
Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an emphaſis, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring ſtarres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule,
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand,
King. Pluck them a ſunder.
Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*
All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I loued *Ophelia,* forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Quee. For loue of God forbeare him.
Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'owt doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy ſelfe,
Woo't drinke vp Eſill, eate a Crocadile ?
Ile doo't, dooſt come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone
Make Oſſa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue

SCENE II.

Horatio.

Horatio. My noble Prince, I am glad to see yov back in good health. Pray, howener, tell me why yov hane retvrned so soon.

Hamlet. Ah, Horatio, yov hane come near nener seeing me again aline; for my life has been at stake; only the Almighty has specially protected me.

Horatio. What says Your Highness? Tell me abovt it.

Hamlet. Thov knowest that the King had ginen me two fellows as attendants and companions. Now it so happened that for two days we had contrary winds. So we had to anchor on an island near Doner. I went with my two companions from the ship to breathe the fresh air. Then came the cursed nillains and wovld hane had my life, and said that the King had hired them to kill me. I begged hard for my life, and promised them a handsome reward, and that, if they reported me to the King as dead, I wovld nener go near the covrt again. Bvt there was no mercy in them. At last, the Gods pvt a thovght into my head: and I begged them that, before my death, I might make a prayer, and that when I cried „Fire" they wovld fire from opposite sides at me. As I gane the word, I fell on the grovnd, and they shot one another. Thvs I escaped with my life. My arrival, howener, will be no good news to the King.

Horatio. O! vnheard-of treachery!

When that her golden cuplets are diſcloſed
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet and Horatio*
King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Weele put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer your ſonne,
This graue ſhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie ſhall we ſee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this ſir, now ſhall you ſee the other,
You doe remember all the circumſtance,
Hora. Remember it my Lord.
Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleepe, my thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo, raſhly,
And prayſd be raſhnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that ſhould learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my deſire.
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiſsion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,

Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblines in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.
Hora. I'ſt poſsible?
Ham. Heeres the commiſsion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.
Hora. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſsion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
Hora. I good my Lord.
Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary
As loue between them like the palme might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a Comma tweene their ameties,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.
Hora. How was this ſeald?
Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the modill of that Daniſh ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subscribe it, gau't th'impreſsion, plac'd it ſafety,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was ſequent

King. Prepare, Leonhardus. Prince Hamlet will soon be here.

Leonhardus. Your Majesty, I am already prepared, and I will, at least, do my best.

King. Look well to it! Here comes the Prince in good time.

Hamlet. Ah, Horatio, this fool is infinitely dearer to the King than I am.

Phantasmo. Welcome home, Prince Hamlet! Knowest thou the news? The King has laid a wager on you and the young Leonhardus. You are to fight with foils; and he who makes the first three hits is to win a white Neapolitan horse.

Hamlet. Are you sure of this?

Phantasmo. It is certainly as I say.

Hamlet. Horatio, what can this mean? I and Leonhardus to fight one another? I fancy they haue told this fool something wonderful, for one can make him beliene what one will. Look now, Signora Phantasmo, it is terribly cold.

Phantasmo. Aye, it is terribly cold. [*Shiuers, with chattering teeth.*

Hamlet. And now it is not so cold.

Phantasmo. Aye, aye, it is just the happy medium.

Hamlet. But now it is nery hot. [*Wipes his face.*

Phantasmo. O, what a terrible heat! [*Wipes away the perspiration.*

Hamlet. And now it is neither hot nor cold.

Phantasmo. Yes! it is now just temperate.

Hamlet. You see, Horatio, one can just make him beliene what one will. Phantasmo, go to the King and say that I will soon wait on him. [*Exit Phantasmo.*

Hamlet. Come, now, Horatio, I will go at once and present myself

Thou knoweſt already.

Hora. So *Guyldenſterne* and *Roſencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conſcience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne inſinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe and fell incenced points
Of mighty oppoſits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke, thee ſtand me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cuſnage, i'ſt not perfect conſcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you ſir.
Dooſt know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him. He hath much land and fertill: let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe, tis a chough, but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſsion of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordſhippe were at leaſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſtie.

Ham. I will receaue it ſir with all diſligence of ſpirit, your bonnet to his right vſe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordſhip, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very ſully and hot, or my complection.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſouitery, as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maieſtie bad me ſignifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, ſir this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my eaſe in good faith, ſir here is

to the King. But what? What means this? My nose bleeds and my whole body quiners. [*Faints.*

Horatio. O noble Prince! Heauens! what means this? Be your-self again, my Lord. What ails you, my Lord?

Hamlet. I know not, Horatio. When the thought struck me of returning to the Court, a sudden faintness came over me. What this means the Gods only know.

Horatio. Ah, Heauen grant that this be no euil omen.

Hamlet. Be it what it may, I'll to the Court, euen should it cost me my life. [*Exit.*

newly com to Court *Laertes,* belieue me an abſolute gentlemen, ful of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhowing: indeede to ſpeake ſellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would doſie th' arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in reſpect of his quick ſaile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a ſoule of great article, & his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſſe, as to make true dixion of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy ſir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Iſt not poſsible to vnderſtand in another tongue, you will too't ſir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes.*

Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him ſir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did ſir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well ſir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leaſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himſelfe.

Cour. I meane ſir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King ſir hath wagerd with him ſix Barbary horſes, againſt the which hee has impaund as I take it ſix French Rapiers and Poynards, with their aſsignes, as girdle, hanger and ſo. Three

of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour. The carriage ſir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, ſix Barbary horſes againſt ſix French ſwords their aſsignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath layd ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, hee ſhall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhippe would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what floriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordſhippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſir with his dugge before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breede that I know the droſſy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hiſty colection, which carries them through and through the moſt prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by young

Ostricke, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes,* or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they followe the Kings pleaſure if his fitnes ſpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenſoeuer, prouided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene deſires you to vſe ſome gentle entertainment *Laertes,* before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well inſtructs me.

Hora. You will looſe my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practiſe, I ſhall winne at the ods; thou would'ſt not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is ſuch a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde diſlike any thing, obey it. I will forſtal their reapire hether, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is ſpeciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readiness is all, ſince no man of ought he leaues, knowes what iſt to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cuſhion, King, Queene, and all the ſtate, Fviles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet,* come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon ſir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this preſence knowes,
And you muſt needs haue heard, how I am punniſht
With a ſore diſtraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madneſſe,
Waſt *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes?* neuer *Hamlet.*

If *Hamlet* from himſelf be fane away,
And when hee's not himſelfe, dooes wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madneſſe. Iſt be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me ſo farre in your most generous thoughts.
That I haue ſhot my arrowe ore the house.
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature.
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my reuenge, but in my tearmes of honor
I ſtand a looſe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder Maiſters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and preſident of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes,* in mine ignorance
Your skill ſhall like a ſtarre i'th darkeſt night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Hamlet. All health and happinesse to your Majesty!

King. We thank you, Prince! We are greatly rejoiced that your melancholy has somewhat disappeared. Wherefore we haue arranged a friendly contest between yourself and the young Leonhardus with foils, and the one who makes the first three hits shall haue won a white Neapolitan horse, with saddle-cloths and trappings to match.

Hamlet. Pardon me, Your Majesty, I haue had but little practice in foil; Leonhardus, howeuer, has just come from France, so that he is doubtless in good practice. I pray, then, that for this reason you may excuse me.

King. Do it, Prince Hamlet, to gratify us; for we are curious to see what sort of feints there are in Germany and France.

Queen. My gracious Lord and King, I haue a terrible calamity to tell you of.

King. Heauen forbid! Go on!

Queen. Ophelia has gone to the top o fa high hill, and has thrown herself down, and killed herself.

Leonhardus. Unfortunate Leonhardus! who hast lost within a brief space both a father and a sister. What more troubles are to come; I am weary enough of woe to die myself!

King. Be comforted, Leonhardus. We are gracious to you. Only begin the contest. Phantasmo, bring the foils. Horatio shall be umpire.

Phantasmo. Here is the warm beer.

Hamlet. Come one, Leonhardus; and let us to see which of us is to fit the other with the fool's cap. Should I blunder, pray excuse me, for it is long since I haue handled foils.

Leonhardus. I am your seruant; you are only jesting, my Lord.

[*The first bout they fight fairly. Leonhardus is hit.*

Hamlet. That's one, Leonhardus.

Leonhardus. True, your Highness. Now for my reuenge [*He drops his foil, and takes up the poisoned sword which lies ready, and giues the Prince a thrust in carte in the arm. Hamlet parries, so that they both drop their weapons; each stoops to pick one up. Hamlet gets the poisoned one, and wounds Leonhardus mortally.*]

Leonhardus. Woe is me! I haue had a mortal thrust. I haue been caught in my own denice. Heauen haue mercy on me!

Laer. You mock me ſir.
Ham. No by this hand.
King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, coſin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.
Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker ſide.
King. I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.
Laer. This is to heauy: let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.
Ostr. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice ſhall he throwe,
Richer then that which foure ſucceſsive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne; giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets*
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*
Ham. Come on ſir.
Laer. Come my Lord.
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgment.
Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and ſhot.*
Laer. Well, againe. *Floriſh, a peece goes off.*

Hamlet. What the Deuil is this, Leonhardvs? Haue I wounded you with the foil? How can this be?

King. Go quick, and get my royal cup with some wine, so that the fencers may refresh themselues a little. Go, Phantasmo, and fetch it. [*Descends from the throne. Aside.*] I hope that they both drink of the wine and both die, that no one will know of this plot.

Hamlet. Tell me, Leonhardvs! how did all this happen?

Leonhardvs. Alas, Prince, I haue been seduced into this misfortune by the King! See what you haue in your hand! It is a poisoned sword.

Hamlet. O Heauen! what is this? Saue me from it.

Leonhardvs. It was arranged that I wound you with it, for it is so strongly poisoned that the man who takes from it euen a scratch, dies.

King. Ho, gentlemen! take this drink. [*While the King is rising from his chair and speaking these words, the Queen takes the cup out of Phantasmo's hand, and drinks. The King cries out.*] Ho, where is the cup? Alas, best of wines, what art thou doing? Its contents are deadly poison? Alas, alas, what hast thou done?

Queen. Alas, I am dying! [*The King stands before her.*

Hamlet. And thou, tyrant, shall accompany her in death.

[*Stabs him from behind.*

King. Woe is me! I am receiving my bad reward.

Leonhardvs. Adieu, *(sic)* Prince Hamlet! Adieu, world! I am dying also. Ah, Prince pardon me!

Hamlet. May Heauen receiue thy soul; for thou art guiltless. But as to this tyrant—let him wash himself of his blac sins in Hell. Ah! Horatio, now is my soul at peace. I haue reuenged myself on my enemies. I, too, haue taken a hit on my arm; but I hope it is not mital. I am sorry I haue hit Leonhardvs; though I know not how I got that accursed sword into my hand. But as the work so the wages. He has receiued his reward. Nothing afflicts me more than my Lady mother. Still, she, too, deserued this death for her sins. But who gaue her the cup that has poisoned her? Tell me that?

Phantasmo. I, Prince. I also brought the poisoned sword; but the poisoned wine was to be drunk by yourself only.

Hamlet. Hast thou also been an instrument in all this misery? Then take your reward also! [*Stabs him mortally.*

Phantasmo. Stab away: and may the blade grow lame!

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.
Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while
Come, another hit. What ſay you?
Laer. I doe confeſt.
King. Our ſonne ſhall winne.
Quee. Hee's fat and ſcant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowſes to thy fortune *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſned cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost againſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come for the third *Laertes,* you do but dally.
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence
I am ſure you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo, come on.
Ostr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenſt.
Ham. Nay come againe.
Ostr. Look to the Queene there howe.
Hora. They bleed on both ſides, how is it my Lord?
Ostr. How iſt *Laertes?*
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne ſprindge *Ostrick.*
I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How dooes the Queene?
King. Shee ſounds to ſee them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, o my deare *Hamlet.*
The drinke the drinke, I am poyſned.
Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't.
Treachery, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet,* thou art ſlaine,

No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to riſe againe, thy mother's poyſned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treaſon, treaſon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou inceſtious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother

Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poyſon tempered by himſelfe,
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me noble *Hamlet.*
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio,* wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance.
That are but mutes, or audience to this act.
Had I but time, as this fell ſergeant Death.
Is strict in his arreſt O I could tell you.
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe a right
To the vnſatisfied.

Hora. Neuer belieue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile hate,
O god *Horatio,* what a wounded name
Things ſtanding thus vnknown, ſhall I leave behind me?
If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy hart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world drawe they breath in paine *A marcha*
To tell my ſtory: what warlike notiſe is this? *farre off.*

Hamlet. Alas, Horatio, I fear that my reuenge will coſt me my life; for I am badly wounded in the arm. I am getting faint; my limbs become weak, my legs will not bear me; my voice fails; I feel the poiſon in all my limbs. I pray you, dear Horatio, to carry my crown to Norway, to my couſin, the Duke Fortembras, ſo that the kingdom may not fall into other hands. Alas! I am dying.

Horatio. Alas, most noble Prince, thou may ſtill look for aid! O Heauen, he is dying in my arms! What has this kingdom, for a length of time, not undergone from hard wars? Scarcely is there Peace, but internal diſturbance, ambition, faction, and murder fill the land. No age of the world euer saw ſuch terrific tragedies enacted as at this Court. I will, with the help of the faithful councillors, make all preparations that theſe three high perſonages ſhall be interred according to their rank. Then will I at once make for Norway with the crown, and deliuer it as this unfortunate Prince has commanded. So is it that when a Prince forces himſelf to the crown with cunning, and by treachery obtains the same, he himself experiences nothing but mere mockery and ſcorn. For even as the labour ſo is the reward.

A King who ſeizes the crown by treachery
Shall in the end have nothing for himſelf but ſcorn and mockery!

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortenbraſſe* with conqueſt come from Poland,
To th'embaſſadores of *England,* giues this warlike volly
Ham. O I die *Horatio,*
The potent poyſon quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England.*
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights
On *Fortinbraſſe,* he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th' occurrants more and leſſe
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.
Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night ſweete Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.

For. Where is this fight?
Hora. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
For. This quarry cries on hauock, o prou'd death
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrook?
Embaſ. Tht fight is diſmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The ears are ſenceleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſterne* are dead,
Where ſhould we haue our thankes?
Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandment for their death;
But ſince ſo iump vpon this bloody question
You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England,*
Are heere arriued, giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake, to yet vnknowing world
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare

FINIS.

Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgments, carefull ſloghters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes, mistooke,
Falne on th'inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haſt to heare it.
And call the nobleſt to the audience,
For me, with ſorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue ſome rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vonage doth inuite me.
Hora. Of that I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth, whoſe voyce will drawe no more,
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Bear *Hamlet* like a ſouldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prooued moſt royall; and for his paſſage,
The ſouldiers muſicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere ſhowes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the ſouldiers ſhoote. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.